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IN THE HEART OF SOUTH AMERICA

BEING A BRIEF DESCRIPTION OF PARAGUAY
AND PARAGUAYAN LIFE

By JOHN D. LECKIE

THE country which I am about to describe lies in the heart of South America, yet it was flourishing and had a considerable European population nearly a century before the Pilgrim Fathers landed at New Plymouth; it is situated a thousand miles from the ocean, yet steamers of 1,200 tons can reach it; it is in many respects the most backward of the South American republics, yet 200 years ago it was one of the most progressive of the Spanish colonies; it is one of the richest in natural resources, yet one of the least developed.

That country is Paraguay, a republic with a more instructive and interesting history than any other in South America. Geographically, the country has been called the Transvaal of South America, as it lies in exactly the same latitude, has about the same area and population, and occupies an inland position. Like the Transvaal it is known to have auriferous deposits, though these have never been properly worked, and are situated in a part of the country that is almost unexplored. Like the Transvaal also the main industry of the inhabitants is that of cattle-farming. It also presents the same peculiarity of a dual language, one spoken by the inhabitants of the town and another by the inhabitants of the country; but while in the Transvaal the rural is the official language,

in Paraguay it is Spanish, spoken by the town dwellers, that occupies that position, Guarani (the Gaelic of Paraguay) having no literary, commercial, or political value, although in many villages of the interior it is spoken to the exclusion of Spanish.

There is still another point of resemblance between Paraguay and the Transvaal and that is historical, for like the South African Republic, the Paraguayans waged for a while (no less than five years) a most sanguinary war against overwhelming numbers.



IN ASUNCION



PARAGUAY—A PALACE BUILT BY THE TYRANT LOPEZ IN ASUNCION; PARTIALLY DESTROYED BY THE BRAZILIANS, BUT SINCE RESTORED

The effects of this disastrous war are still felt in Paraguay, for though more than thirty years have elapsed since then, the country has not yet fully recovered from it.

The history of this eventful war may be briefly narrated as follows: In 1865 the dictator Francisco Solano Lopez, being in power, commenced an aggressive war on Brazil, the Argentine Republic and Uruguay, with the idea of cutting a way for himself to the sea and becoming the Napoleon of South America, for he cherished the most ambitious ideas. In this he is said to have been instigated by his mistress, an Irish woman named Lynch, whom he always treated as his lawful wife, and who exercised a most baneful influence on his whole career. For some years Lopez had been steadily preparing for war, while his opponents were quite unprepared; he was therefore able to put 60,000 men into the field immediately on the declaration of war. He had also a good fleet of gunboats on the river, and was thus

able to invade the Argentine province of Corrientes and occupy it before his enemies had even time to send an army against him. In the Brazilian province of Matto Grosso he was even more successful, for the Paraguayans possessed the only means of access to that province (now state) which remained in their possession even after the tide of success had turned against them.

At Humaita, a fortress of great strength situated near the junction of the rivers Parana and Paraguay, a strong force was encamped under the command of Colonel Thompson, a Scotchman, in whom Lopez had the most implicit confidence. For many months the Brazilian fleet was kept at bay by means of torpedoes placed in the channel and a boom stretched across the river, until one day a sudden flood, by increasing the depth of water, enabled them to force their way past the fortress and eventually to bombard and capture Asuncion. An eye-witness, who was present at the passage

of Humaita by the Brazilian fleet, describes the scene as magnificent in the extreme. As soon as the garrison on shore became aware that the hostile fleet was about to attempt the passage there was a simultaneous discharge of two hundred guns from the fortress of Humaita alone, while the guns from the other batteries and from the fleets on both sides helped to increase the uproar. The whole heavens were lit up with the glare, the earth shook underfoot like an earthquake and the noise was deafening and bewildering.

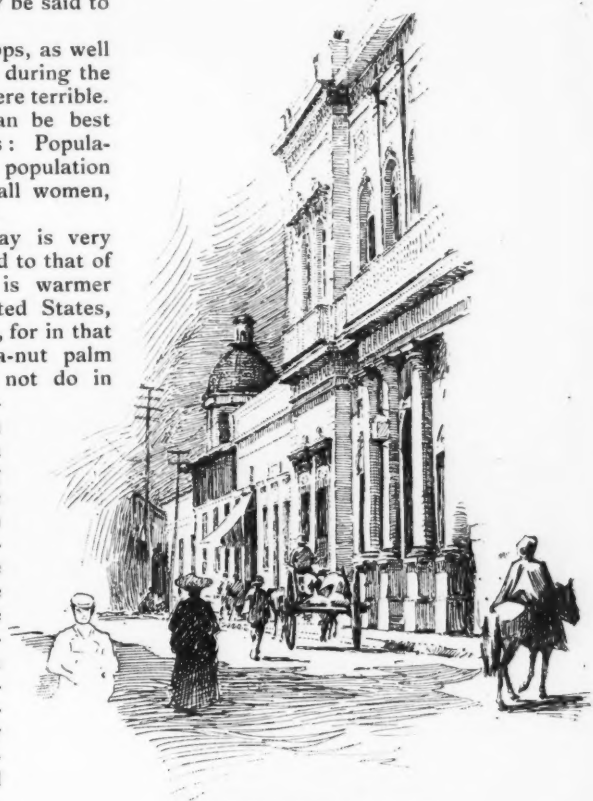
After the capture of Asuncion, Lopez, with a small band of followers, retreated northwards, fighting as they went, until they were eventually surrounded by the Brazilians and Lopez himself was killed on March 1st, 1870, on which date the war may be said to have terminated.

The sufferings of the troops, as well as of the whole population, during the last two years of the war were terrible. The results of the war can be best read in the following figures: Population in 1857, 1,337,439; population in 1873, 221,079 (nearly all women, children and very old men).

The climate of Paraguay is very fine, and has been compared to that of the Canary Islands. It is warmer than any part of the United States, except, perhaps, Key West, for in that favoured island the cocoa-nut palm will grow, which it will not do in Paraguay. It may be compared to that of Southern Florida, but while Florida is not free from blighting northern winds which freeze the oranges on the trees, in Paraguay such a thing is unknown, and the orange tree flourishes in all its native luxuriance, without the danger of frost as in Florida, or the need of irrigation as in California; indeed Paraguayan oranges are unexcelled, though scarcely any attention is paid to their cultivation, and grafted or budded trees are almost unknown.

In the woods, the commonest tree one sees is the orange, which grows wild in great abundance, but as a rule the fruit of the wild tree is bitter, though there is also a sweet variety, not so common. Thousands of the golden fruit may be seen rotting on the ground unheeded save by the parrots, which are very fond of the seeds, and cut open the rind with their curved beaks, deftly extracting the kernel, the only part which they eat. The wood of the wild orange makes the best fuel, and is to be had in abundance in the more remote districts; it also makes the best axe handles, being very tough and resistant.

Paraguay may be divided into two parts, north and south, the former



STREET VIEW IN ASUNCION



A SUBURBAN RESIDENCE, ASUNCION

consisting of all that portion which lies without the tropics; this section of the country contains nearly the whole population, the northern half within the tropics being almost uninhabited and in a great measure even unexplored. The climate of the southern half is by no means tropical, as white men can work without inconvenience in the open air all the year round, yet it is warm enough to allow the growth of many tropical fruits, such as oranges, bananas, pine-apples, papaws, cherimoyers, etc., which flourish with almost tropical luxuriance, along with the fruits of a colder climate, such as peaches, strawberries and quinces. Apples and pears will not thrive, as they require colder winters, and grapes are subject to the attacks of ants and other insects.

The climate seems admirably adapted

for consumptives, and I have seen several such patients who arrived in Paraguay from Europe in a very low state and are now strong and healthy.

A year or two ago the United States newspapers were full of sensational articles regarding a report which had got abroad that the Germans were in-

tending to form colonies in South Brazil. There is no doubt that they had such an intention and that a company had been organised in Germany with that special end in view. But our over-jealous Chauvinists have probably discovered by this time that this was no attempt on the part of Germany to set the Monroe doctrine at defiance.

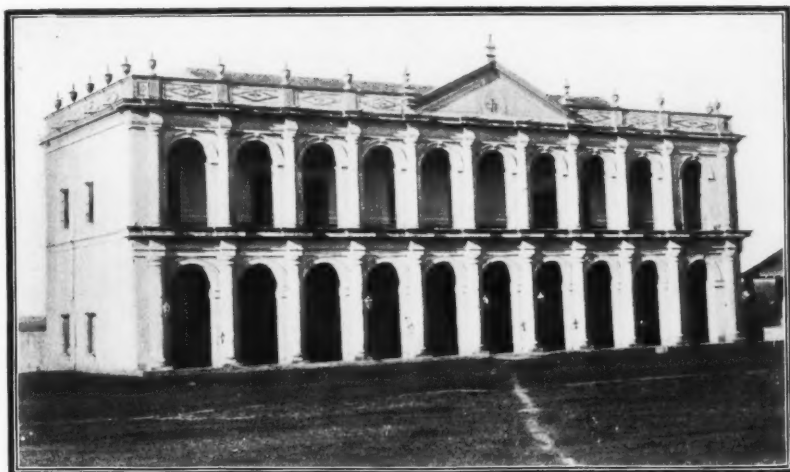
As a matter of fact, German colonies have existed in South Brazil for the better part of a century; they also exist in the Argentine Republic and Paraguay. The word "colony" is used in South America to designate a special settlement of agriculturists established either directly by the government or by private individuals under government grants. This is the favourite mode of settlement in Argentina, taking the place of the land

grant or homestead system in our own country, which has been so successful in populating and building up the Western States.

It was my lot to visit San Bernardino, the oldest and most flourishing German colony in Paraguay. It is picturesquely situated on the edge of a lake with mountains rising behind it, and is a favourite resort of the wealthier classes from Asuncion. Many visitors also come here from Buenos Ayres and other parts of Argentina to



TYPICAL TOWN HOUSE



PARAGUAY—THE CITY HALL, ASUNCION

escape the rigours of winter. An inhabitant of Canada would be rather surprised to hear that people talked about severe cold in a place where the thermometer never sank below 30° Fahr., which is the minimum temperature of Buenos Ayres. This is also the minimum temperature of Los Angeles, Cal., which is generally considered to have anything but a severe winter; but while in Los Angeles the air is dry and balmy, in Buenos Ayres it is extremely moist, so that the cold is more keenly felt. Indeed, a Canadian long resident in Buenos Ayres, where he had reared a family, assured me that he found the winters more trying in Argentina than in his native country.

But to return to San Bernardino, which in some respects reminds us of its namesake in California. The settlement is prosperous, all the allotments having been taken up long ago, and land can only be obtained there now from private settlers, who generally ask a comparatively high price.

I took the train one morning from Asuncion to the village of Patiño-Cué whence a small steamer plies to San Bernardino, which is situated on the opposite side of a lake. The steamer was so small that it took all the efforts

of the captain and crew (which consisted of a small boy to stoke the fire) to make any progress against the strong head wind which prevailed, and it seemed as if we would never reach the opposite shore, though it was scarcely a mile off. The waves washed over the small craft and the spray drenched us to the skin and penetrated our baggage.

There is a good hotel located on the slope of a hill overlooking the lake, and commanding a fine view, with charges to correspond. The main industry of the "colony" consists of the exploitation of tourists, as I found to my cost. I was informed that there was a double scale of charges in the colony, one for local settlers, and another (about double) for outsiders. San Bernardino is famous for a kind of rum which is distilled there. Before leaving Asuncion I had intended to buy a bottle of this rum, which I found was worth in that city \$3 a bottle. However, as I was about to leave for San Bernardino, I thought it would be better to buy the rum there, where it would doubtless be cheaper. After my arrival in the colony I saw the same rum for sale in the hotel where I put up, and on asking the price, found



PARAGUAY—A TYPICAL TOWN IN THE INTERIOR

it was \$5. But then I was an outsider.

Next to the exploitation of tourists and the production of rum, the principal industry of the colony is the making of cheese and butter for the Asuncion market, where these products command a good price, especially the latter. In Asuncion, fresh butter, even of the most inferior kind, can scarcely be procured at less than 50 cents (gold) per pound—not a bad price in a country where living and nearly everything else is extremely cheap.

The San Bernardino colonists seemed contented, as well they may be, for they make their living easily. Among them are men of education, with a settled income, who come here merely to laze away their existence in this fine climate. They are nearly all Germans. I only met one Englishman, and he was not a permanent resident.

On the other side of the lake from San Bernardino is a two-storied country house, which I was informed was the residence of Mrs. Lynch, the former mistress of the tyrant Lopez. When the latter was killed, she was taken prisoner by the Brazilians by whom she was well treated, but when at a later date she attempted to return to Paraguay she was not allowed to land from the steamer which brought her, but was forced to live in exile

from the land of her adoption. Rumour has it that Lopez had vast stores of gold buried in different parts of the country, which spots were known only to Mrs. Lynch, and that her return had for its object mainly the unearthing of these treasures; if so, she was disappointed and the treasures still remain intact.

It is said that Lopez was in the habit of sending men to bury gold in the spots which he pointed out, and as soon as their task was completed he ordered them all to be shot so that no one might remain to betray his secret. If the story is true (and it is told on good authority) it is to be hoped, for the honour of Lopez, that the men thus got rid of were condemned criminals who would have been executed in any case.

Many stories are told of these buried treasures, and syndicates have been formed for the special purpose of searching for them; in some cases I am assured they have been successful. Among the articles buried by Mrs. Lynch shortly before her capture by the Brazilians was a piano and other articles of household furniture. I have never heard that the piano has yet been unearthed.

The Paraguayans are a mild and gentle people, with whom it is easy to

get along if one treats them with ordinary civility. As in all South American countries, homicides are frequent, but this does not arise from any natural bloodthirstiness on the part of the people, but rather is owing to the faulty administration of justice which nearly always allows criminals to escape free or with merely a nominal punishment. The most severe punishment I ever heard meted out to a murderer was eight years' imprisonment, and I do not think he served his full term.

Considering the almost total absence of any law in the more remote districts, I do not think a more peaceable population will be found in any part of South America. The conditions are very different from what prevails in some of the wilder parts of the Western States, where a man of a retiring disposition cannot live in comfort.

The Paraguayans of all classes are courteous, hospitable and friendly. I have lived in several parts of Paraguay, and I always found that my best neighbours were natives, and the worst

were foreigners. From the former I never received the least annoyance, but many favours and services, though I frequently had disputes with my European neighbours. The Paraguayans live frugally (I am speaking of the peasantry) and the total expenses of a large family in the rural districts will not average \$100 gold a year. They nearly all own a small farm, with a few cows and a horse or two. Their clothing is light, for the climate is warm, and they require to purchase little more than meat (which costs two cents gold a pound), salt and Paraguay tea, which latter (not tea at all, but the product of a kind of holly) costs about six cents gold a pound.

They are strictly clean in their households and their persons, reminding me in some respects of the peasantry of Ireland. With few wants, never knowing what it is to suffer from cold or hunger, they live a contented and happy existence. When they have a little money they spend it in dancing and feasting, and when they have nothing the produce of their farm will



TEA GATHERER'S FOREST HUT

always maintain them. They have no cares or anxiety for the future, no matter how large a family they have to rear—with a guitar, a few cigarettes and a glass of *cana* (new rum) a group of Paraguayans will find diversion and recreation for a whole day at no expense; and when the labours of their farm do not claim their attention, they ask for nothing better than to lie on their *ponchos* and play at cards.

The poncho is the Paraguayan's outer garment. It is simply a piece of woollen or cotton cloth, about six feet square, with a hole in the centre, through which the wearer thrusts his head. It is his blanket by night and his overcoat by day. It serves a variety of other purposes. When he is tired, he spreads it out on the grass and rests on it, or takes his midday siesta in the same way, under the shade of a tree. Next to his horse, it is his most valued possession. A good cotton poncho can be bought for about \$2 gold, but the finer qualities of wool, highly ornamented with fancy fringes, may cost \$50 or more.

I have mentioned Paraguay tea as it is called, also known as *yerba maté*. This is produced by the *Ilex Paraguayensis*, a plant nearly related to our holly, which grows wild throughout the northern part of Paraguay. The regions where this plant grows are known as the *yerbales*, and the preparation of the tea is one of the principal industries of the country. The plant is not cultivated, at least not on any large scale, and nearly all the tea which finds its way to market is collected from the tree in its wild state. Parties of men, under the supervision of an overseer, are sent out into the woods to discover the trees which produce the *yerba maté*. When discovered the next process is to strip them of their leaves, which are toasted over large fires until quite dry and brittle, when they are pounded in large wooden mortars and reduced to dust; they are then rammed into large skin bags, and in this state it is sent to market.

The mode of drinking yerba (Para-

guay tea) is as follows: A few teaspoonfuls of powdered leaves are put into a small gourd, and boiling water poured over it; the infusion is then sucked through a small silver tube, called a *bombilla*, which expands at its lower end into a kind of bulb, full of small holes, to act the part of a strainer. It is generally drunk in company, the gourd being passed from one member of the company to another, each taking a few sips and then passing it on to his neighbour. This method of drinking yerba is not easily acquired by Europeans, who invariably scald their lips the first time they attempt to drink the boiling decoction, but many take it prepared in the same manner as ordinary tea.

The Paraguayans drink it pure, generally without the admixture of sugar or milk, and declare that it is a refreshing and sustaining beverage, and they are probably right, otherwise it is difficult to account for their habit of taking their first meal at midday. It is the custom of the natives to take a cupful of yerba on rising, at six o'clock in the morning or even earlier, and they will perform contentedly the severest labour, partaking of the first meal at eleven or twelve o'clock. The *yerba maté* is declared by the medical faculty to be superior to tea or coffee, not acting injuriously on the nerves as those beverages are apt to do. Attempts are now being made to introduce it into Europe, where it is sold at 75 cents per pound, a price which ought to leave a good profit.

For the hunter Paraguay is a paradise. All kinds of game, large and small, is abundant, including jaguars (the South American tiger), several other members of the feline tribe as the puma and ounce, deer of several kinds, tapirs, ostriches, alligators, foxes (resembling the coyote of the Western States), ant eaters (belonging to the bear family) whose skins are valuable but whose embrace is certain death, wild hogs, and many others. Birds of gaudy plumage are numerous, and the entomologist will find a rich harvest for his labours.



SKETCH MAP OF PARAGUAY

Area 97,722 square miles. Population (1890) 207,503, of which 77,716 are white. Chief towns: Asuncion, Villa Rica, Villa Concepcion, Villa San Pedro, Luque and San Estanislao. Products: Sugar, Rum, Cotton, Woollen Cloths and Leather.—*Bartholomew's Atlas*.

There are many animals whose skins are very valuable, and one or two birds whose plumage fetches an almost fabulous price, such as the *mirasol*, a species of heron, whose feathers are said to have been worth their weight in gold; at present they fetch about \$5 gold an ounce. Of course, such valuable birds are extremely scarce, and only to be found in the most remote spots. The hunting of animals for their skins and birds for their plumage, gives occupation to a class of men called *mariscadores*, corresponding to a certain extent to the hunters and trappers of the Western States, but who find here a much richer harvest, though at the same time the life is full of dangers. These *mariscadores* are not all rude unlettered men; among them are men of education, young men who are fond of a wild adventurous life, free from the restraints of civilisation, or naturalists who find here a vast field which contains many hidden

treasures. One of these men, a near neighbour of mine, constructed a large canoe, capable of holding several tons, out of a single tree, hollowed out in the native fashion, and started on a voyage of exploration. He was no novice, but an experienced hunter. He was gone for about six months, when he returned with a rich cargo, though owing to an accident in the river, he had lost a great part of his collection. These canoes, being hollowed out of a single log, and having no keel, are very apt to capsize, and great care is required in handling them. The numerous navigable streams which penetrate the country in all directions, afford excellent means of travel by water; nevertheless, off the main streams of the Parana and Paraguay, the territory is little explored, and in many parts dangerous of access, owing to the hostility of the Indians, who have killed many travellers.



PHLOX

PHOTOGRAPH BY HARRY L. SHEPHERD

THE PHOTOGRAPHY OF FLOWERS

AN AMATEUR TO AMATEURS

By HARRY L. SHEPHERD

ALLOW me first of all to place myself before the readers of this article not as one "speaking with authority," but as an amateur who loves photography in all its branches, and who is deeply interested in this particular one.

In these days of bustle and worry let us all have our hobbies to which we can turn for rest and recreation, and what one is more enticing than the camera when it is taken up seriously not by the "button presser," but by the amateur who works carefully and thinks of what he is doing before he exposes a plate. Such a one will have

fewer views, but they will all bear his own individuality and invite the inspection of even the ardent critic.

The study of flowers, not particularly from a botanical standpoint, but rather from the standpoint of art and of their own beauty as adapting them to a particular purpose, will bring you more and more into touch with nature as you will of necessity, if you follow up the work, be carried to the fields and woods in search of material.

For successful work different varieties of flowers will require different lighting (*i.e.*, method of illumination in the same way as the professional photographer uses that lighting mos

suitable to any particular subject in portraiture.

In floral work the light from an ordinary window serves every purpose. If there is more than one window in your room pull the shades down on all but the one in use. Direct side lighting or light falling on the subject at an angle of about 45° (which can be obtained by blocking the lower half of the window by pinning a black cloth across) will be found most useful. When the light is strong (say sunlight streaming into the room) pin one, two or even three thicknesses of white cheese cloth across the window. Yellow cheese cloth is also useful, but of that I will speak later. A soft light is at all times desirable, but not to excess or you will get flat effects, *i.e.*, everything will be of one tone, which is to be avoided, as light and shade are absolutely necessary to give "life" to your subject.

The position of the camera in relation to the flowers to be photographed is a very important matter if we are to get that indescribable something best described as "textural translucency." It is when flowers are looked at from a certain fixed point imperceptible, but by changing your point of view the subject will be transformed from an uninteresting one to one of life and beauty. A white reflector to light up the shadow side of your subject is sometimes needed, but great care must be used or flatness will result by bringing it too close to the subject.

In photographing flowers they should be placed two to four feet from the window, *i.e.*, towards the centre of the room, and usually from a point in a line with the window frame to a point often two to three feet, or even more, back according to the lighting desired



DAISIES

PHOTOGRAPH BY HARRY L. SHEPHERD

or required. Then the camera being placed at the other side of the window, it is moved around until the desired point is reached both for point of view and focus.

This brings us now to the selection of a camera. The 4×5 , 5×7 , or $6\frac{1}{2} \times 8\frac{1}{2}$ long focus, reversible back camera with regular equipment is all that is required. I prefer the 5×7 size, and with mine often use 4×5 plates by means of the Warnica adjustable plate-holder. Kits may also be used if you desire to use smaller plates than those which fit your plate-holders. The long focus camera is imperative, otherwise you cannot approach your subject closely enough to get the desired sized image.

And now as to what plates are to be used in this branch of photography. Any reputable brand of ordinary plates



GLADIOLI

PHOTOGRAPH BY HARRY L. SHEPHERD

are good for subjects of white flowers. When we are dealing with coloured ones Ortho or Iso-chromatic plates are a necessity if the "colour values," by the way a somewhat misleading term, are to be correctly rendered.

As the Iso or Ortho-chromatic plate subject is a large one I will take it for granted you are acquainted with their properties; if not you can look the subject up in almost any book on photography.

The use of the yellow screen (also called ray screen, ray filter, etc.) is very seldom necessary except in the case of flowers where we find blues and yellows side by side as in pansies. A

good plan is to pin a piece of yellow cheese cloth over the window; this will give us a yellow-tinged lighting, and will, in all except rare cases, give better results (*i.e.*, the yellow screen is apt to do too much or reverse the "colour values") than by using the yellow screen (ray filter), which little bit of yellow glass is very often injudiciously used.

Backed plates are also to be strongly recommended doing away with objectionable halation in white or light-coloured subjects. Use a stop which will give a soft effect with a touch of "atmosphere," *i.e.*, don't have the flowers at the back of the group as sharp as those nearest you. If one thing above another is an abomination in floral work it is to have every leaf and every petal of needle point sharpness. Again don't lean to the "fuzzy" class where everything is indistinct and out of focus. Aim at softness. The lens sees more than the eye.

Backgrounds ranging from white through grays to black of paper or cardboard are necessary, the tint used

being of the proper shade for the subject photographed, *i.e.*, a white or light-coloured flower could call for a medium to dark grey, or even black background.

To prevent cut-flowers from drooping place their stems in water, wet sand or moss or wrap the stems in wet absorbent cotton.

Give full exposure and remember that after racking the bellows past the one hundred-foot mark of the scale on the camera bed the stop numbers will be smaller than those marked on the shutter. If racked out twice the distance of the one hundred-foot mark, stop 8 will really be 16, and stop 16

will be 32, and so on. Remember this or you will underexpose.

Develop in dilute developer (say add two to three times the normal quantity of water) and keep the negative moderately thin if you wish to get a good print with soft half tones.

For indoor work I use a stand for my camera which I can raise or lower as desired. A tripod is a bother in focussing at close quarters.

For outdoor work I use a tripod fitted with a ball and socket tripod head which allows the camera to be turned and held at any angle. An overcast day without wind is best for garden or outdoor work; a dull day to overcome "spottiness," caused by the sun shining on leaves, etc., without wind to avoid motion in the subject.

For wildflower studies the plants may be dug up "bodily" and carried home to be studied and photographed at leisure.

To the student of botany photography is a boon. Complete records may be made of different stages of growth.

From the designer's standpoint the photography of flowers and plants adapted to his needs will give him many designs and ideas that will materially help him in his work.

The field from the art standpoint is practically boundless as the individual treatment of flowers is one which requires a great deal of careful study as to the arrangement of the plants and



SWEET WILLIAM

PHOTOGRAPH BY HARRY L. SHEPHERD

flowers not only as to proper spacing, but also harmony of colour, which remember we can only reproduce in monochrome.

And in conclusion I hope this article will lead some amateurs, who have tired of landscapes and portraits, to try this branch, which I am sure they will find instructive and enjoyable. If you own a lantern you may make lantern slides from your negatives either by contact or reduction which in the winter evenings will bring you and your friends back to the "good old summer time."



LITERARY PORTRAITS

By HALDANE MACFALL, *Author of "The Masterfolk."*

V.—RUDYARD KIPLING



WHEN your ordinary citizen goes to bed of a night he takes his comfort and his smooth pillow for granted—he does not realise that he is enjoying his ease, even as he exercises his placid daily calling, because he is fenced about afar, at the edges of the nation, out there away at the frontiers, by men who guard his sleep and keep his peace—men who wear a sword at their side, men who live with a rifle in hand, men with stern mouths and alert eyes. He has grown so used to his habit of being protected that he does not realise within how very few generations ago each high-road in this fertile England of ours was dominated by a castle, where rough nobles made war at whim upon their neighbours.

The sword and war are to-day pushed out of our lives to distant places, away from the centre of everyday doings—and the armed men, who a hundred years ago lived in our midst, now ring the nation round about at her furthestmost outposts, and we sleep o' nights by consequence, fenced in with their distant courage. To the man in the street the soldier is but the paid servant—indeed, your comfortable citizen scarce knows how underpaid is this servant, this fellow that earns not even a living wage, to whom the citizen transfers his virile responsibilities. He is most often the grown-up man bred from the irresponsible youngster of the village and the town, drifting to the outposts of the race out of very irresponsibility—going he knows not why, but vaguely, as by an instinct. The adventure blood in him sends him packing; the down of manhood is on his lip; the pulsing, keen, energetic life is out there at the front. And the man who has known and assayed that frontier worth, of the soldier and the

sailor and other adventurous blood, is Rudyard Kipling. He is poet of it all, as no man has been poet yet. Of a scheme of life he has no logical sense—and it is perhaps his chiefest claim to popular favour. He follows by impulse the frontier instinct—the imperial instinct. When the men of the frontier push to war, Kipling's loose logic serves him well—he thumps the Old Testament end of his Bible, and taps the drum, and riots in the bugle-call. When the adventuring men suffer defeat Kipling does not blame them, but he turns his eyes homewards, where manhood has set up false ideals of strength, and he writes a Recessional, and scolds the dunces and blames the thin of blood. When there is peace amongst such as are of the adventure blood, and exhaustion, he opens the other end of his Bible, and reminds the people that there is a New Testament to the Book of Life, and a Prince of Peace.

Being of the frontier blood, it is when he voices the soul and spirit of the frontiers that he reaches to greatness. They that guard with calm eyes the welfare of the commonwealth, the tale of these gives majesty to his genius. When he comes home to England, little England, he falters in his speech but his instinct saves him, and he runs down to where the fence of the barbarianism of the frontiers comes within a stone's throw of our gates. There he finds Badalia Herodsfot in the slums, and the "curick" who gives his life to the state.

The soldier who gives the citizen his sleep, and by the citizen is rewarded with contempt, neglect, and a beggar's wage—nay, does not your fine Cockney refuse even to drink with him or sit beside him at the play?—this man has Kipling set up in his true heroic place, lashing the complacent smugness of the protected stay-at-homes the while.

He has sung *Courage and Work*, and set them up in their proper proportions in the balance of life. His Imperialism, when he takes the strut as a politician, is ridiculous enough; but the real instinctive imperialism, glory in the honour of the race, has been breathed into his very bones. A full imperialism he will never know, for he has small knowledge of women—to the great movement amongst women, to better the race, he is profoundly blind. We come from his "Soldiers Three" bedraggled in heart as to womanhood. At best the melodramatic jade, whom he takes for true woman, can but kick through a crude dance that is scarcely in keeping with the high measure of life's music.

Rudyard Kipling has the broad bullet-head, the square jaw, of the rude, rough man of the camp. It is often complained that he is vulgar. Perhaps he is—a little vulgar—just as Cecil Rhodes, laughing, grim, reckless, fearless, answering through a mouth full of ham-sandwich as he sat arraigned for a national crime before the nation's tribunal, was vulgar—as men that do the rough hewing of the race are vulgar—as Pepin and Charlemagne were probably vulgar. But he is a clean-hearted maker of laughter, and that stands well to his honour. He is a true poet, and that mitigates what vulgarity he has.

The man who reads his novel in his armchair in the evening to make a pleasant relaxation from a dandified living, or as leisure after a sordid day of grey toil, has found Kipling good company; but I sometimes think that it is the man who has sat brooding before the bivouac fire that sends its upward streak of scented smoke into the stilly night on the outermost threshold of the race who feels the most deeply the rude splendour of Kipling's poetic artistry, and the vigour of his genius.

You who sit at home are too rushed with little things. The streets shut in your view. It is out there under the blue sky for roof, and with the vasty world at your feet for hearthstone, that the long bouts of enforced rest at the

twilights of heavy days sets the mind atune to the grandeur of man's strength—it is out there that what the Cockney calls melodrama is but the common event—it is out there that they judge life in crudely curt epigram and humorous saw, sabre-cuts of rich-coloured observation; and Kipling has the whole trick. For be it remembered that on the frontiers life is seen crudely. Its philosophy is raw philosophy, unafraid of self-contradiction, elemental. To take Kipling's philosophy as the basis of life must land a man in queer places, for it is irresponsible, a thing cooked from day to day, whatever the bill-of-fare yesterday. But as an artist he is of the most original and vigorous in our land. When he puts aside philosophy and politics—the laws of life and its mysteries—and is content to get into the souls of men and beasts, to transfer through the craft of the written word the emotion and moods and character within, he is a very master.

His understanding is profound as it is astounding. His grip of emotion ranges wide over the human gamut. Laughter and tears are at his command; tragedy and comedy rise and play their drama at his call. His bouncing conception of life is content to find justification in the crudity of living according to one's primitive instincts—and his work has been a healthy counterpoise to the decadency and pessimistic conception of being that had begun to lay their trail over English art and letters. Above all, he has an essential faith in the dignity of man. His daring in that splendid dedicatory poem to his dead brother-in-law, wherein he makes God pass by the company where they sit at the tables in heaven, the clean of heart and soul in sublime comradeship of clean mirth, who rise to their feet to do Him reverence as He passes, unafraid to look Him in the face—all this is amply rewarded by the achieved dignity and the majesty of the simple event.

His hands pluck the scents and the odours and the colour out of nature, out of cities, out of sensate things—the



RUDYARD KIPLING—IMPERIALIST

thunder out of the firmament, the sapphire stillness out of the night, the parching, feverish breath out of the sun. He seizes the emotions and sensations out of nature as out of man, and yields them into our vision.

Kipling has an uncanny gift of catching the whole essence of a dramatic episode, its action, its sounds, its odours, its colours, its rhythm—and his mastery of prose and verse gives him a splendid instrument for his orchestration. His life holds the romance of genius—the old, old romance. A hack-journalist sent out to India to be the drudge of a Colonial paper, he snatched out of what should have been his rest from long hours of labour, from

the weary days of the most ghastly form of literary servitude, the materials of a splendid art; and he moulded these materials with consummate workmanship into a series of masterpieces in the heat of a climate which makes idleness almost defensible, sluggardy nearly a virtue, and energy to do the allotted task a boast. And he found his material in things that had lain waste for generations, trodden under the foot of contempt and of ignoring; and he took these things and fashioned them with the nervous skill of the creator; and he breathed life into them, and they took wing and carried the fame of him across the face of the wide world.

RECIPROCITY WITH THE UNITED STATES

A SERIES OF ARTICLES BY UNITED STATES
PUBLICISTS DEALING WITH THIS QUESTION
FROM THE VIEW-POINTS OF BOTH COUNTRIES

Introductory Note by THE EDITOR

THE Canadian interest in the subject of reciprocity with the United States has declined during recent years, or at least has shifted from one point of view to another. The abrogation of the Reciprocity Treaty in 1866 was regarded in Canada as "a great calamity,"* and everything that could be done was done to extend or modify the treaty. The United States government was inexorable, however, and the treaty was annulled. After 1866, many efforts were made to obtain a new treaty. In July, 1869, the Hon. John Rose went to Washington to see what could be done, but his visit was barren of results. A Canadian government report of December, 1869, says: "The experience of these twenty years has, in the opinion of the undersigned, proved to the people of Canada that concessions in matter of trade, navigation and shipping, voluntarily conceded by us, have not been reciprocated by the government of the United States, and, indeed, have not always been appreciated, nor the value of them realised . . . the recent action of Congress would tend to confirm the belief that no reciprocal arrangement of a satisfactory character can now be obtained."†

The reason for this situation, from

the United States point of view, is boldly and baldly stated in a report from J. N. Larned, a special agent, to the Congress of 1870, as follows:

"In every commercial respect the dependence of the Provinces of the Dominion of Canada—especially of the old Canadian Provinces—upon the United States, is almost absolute. To say so is not to make an arrogant boast, but to state a simple fact. Restricted, as the intercourse between the Canadas and this country unhappily is now, they derive from it wholly the life which animates their industry and their enterprise."

Mr. Larned's "simple fact" has not stood the test of time, for it has since been shown that Canada is not dependent upon United States favours. Congress accepted his statement and thought by squeezing Canada to make a national gain. This has been the attitude of the United States for over fifty years and explains why the Hon. George Brown failed in his mission of 1874, why Messrs. Bowell, Foster and Tupper failed in 1891 and 1892, why Sir Richard Cartwright failed in 1896, and why the Joint High Commission failed in 1898. There were perhaps minor reasons given or advanced on either side, but there is enough evidence to show that the United States has always been averse to increasing the prosperity of this part of the British Empire. Why a people so liberal and so progressive in most features of civilisation and of trade, should have adopted and maintained a view so narrow in regard to

* See Report of Committee of Executive Council of February 19th, 1865.

† Sessional Papers, Vol. XVIII, No. 13.

trade with Canada is almost incomprehensible.

It is quite true that there was always a small body of people in the United States with sufficient vision to see that reciprocity was desirable. At a meeting of the United States National Board of Trade in New York in October, 1892, the council of that body was instructed to memorialise Congress in favour of a treaty for "reciprocal trade with the Dominion of Canada on a broad, comprehensive and liberal basis." In January, 1881, two petitions were presented to Congress, one signed by 500 New York firms and the other by 1,030 firms and business men of Boston, recounting how Boards of Trades had continually asked for an investigation of this subject without anything being accomplished. An International Reciprocity Convention was held in St. Paul in 1893 which re-affirmed the position taken by previous conventions of the same nature. It urged "a treaty providing for the free interchange of those classes of products, both natural and industrial of each one, that are most generally in demand or usually find the readiest sales in the markets of the other." A National Reciprocity Convention was held at Detroit in December, 1902, from which evolved a chain of reciprocity leagues from New England to the Rockies. These leagues are yet more or less active.

Other evidence might be brought forward but the situation is well known. Canada asked for reciprocity so many times and so humbly that her self-respect could endure no more; she has now ceased to ask. She has chosen Preferential trade with Great Britain and with the other colonies as a substitute. Deprived of freedom to sell on this continent she sought and obtained a trade with the Empire which is satisfactory if statistics and public opinion are accepted as sufficient evidence.

Sir Frederick Borden, one of the present members of the Laurier Government, addressing a Toronto audience last year, went so far as to say, "As a result of their refusal to trade with us they have made us self-reliant, and

have made us the greatest rival they have in the one free market of the world." He referred, undoubtedly, to the growth of Canadian exports of farm products to Great Britain which had increased from three and a half millions in 1866 to eighty millions in 1902.

In December of last year, Mr. John Charlton, M.P., a most persistent advocate of reciprocity, warned the United States that "the critical hour is at hand when Canada will have arrived at the parting of the ways and will decide whether she shall cultivate intimate and natural relations with the United States or whether she shall put up her tariff wall against that country and become a component part of a great Imperial trade federation." A twelve-month has not passed since he made that statement, but the latest amendment to the Canadian tariff fulfils part of his prophecy.

Each year sees a steady diminution in the Canadian desire for reciprocity, a growth of the forces which will fight against it when it is offered to us. Only last October, Sir Wilfrid Laurier writing to a gentlemen in the United States said: "That movement in favour of unrestricted reciprocity had its *raison d'être* some twelve years ago; in the present conditions of our trade, its *raison d'être* has ceased to exist." *

Lieut.-Col. Denison, a leader of certain classes, recently declared that "Canada should avoid reciprocity as she would the plague." The President of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, about the same time asserted that "not a vestige of sentiment for reciprocity with the United States remains among our people."

On neither side of the line is the outlook hopeful. The United States maintains its traditional policy; Canada has grown independent and even hostile. This series of articles has been brought together so that both countries may realise the trend of opinion. There is danger in this drifting apart—a danger which it is unnecessary to enlarge upon with the intelligent citizen of either country.

* North American Review, March, 1904.

By CAMPBELL SHAW, *Ex-President National Committee on Reciprocity with Canada*

THEORIES upon the cause for the unfriendly trade relations between the United States and Canada for nearly forty years are not uninteresting, but throughout has held the practical fact that earnest interest by the United States in closer trade relations could not be established until the value of the Canadian market had sufficiently appreciated.

When the Joint High Commission was convened in 1898 the value of the Canadian market was not understood by many people in the United States. In fact, there was little or no interest in the trade possibilities of that market, and it is very doubtful if a treaty would have been ratified at that time by the United States Senate. There was against the ratification of a treaty the pre-eminence of the belief in the virtue of the high protective policy, even more so than the dispute over the Alaskan boundary. However, the meeting of that Commission paved the way for closer trade relations, inasmuch as the people of the United States learned that commercial union was not a practicable basis for negotiations for a reciprocity treaty. It was made very clear that when closer trade relations became desirable in both countries the basis of negotiations for a treaty would have to be that of free trade in natural products.

Since 1898 the volume of trade between Canada and the United States has increased so rapidly and enormously that there is no longer any doubt in the United States that the value of the

Canadian market has sufficiently appreciated to justify making such concessions as would assure a mutually satisfactory trade treaty. As far as the United States is concerned there is but one difficulty to be overcome before arranging such a trade treaty with Canada, and that difficulty is caused by the great influence of local interests over national interests. There are few Senators of the United States who have not national interests well at heart, but at the same time each and every one of these Senators is bound hand and foot to party interests in his district. In order, then, to have a reciprocity treaty with Canada ratified in the United States Senate, the demand from the people must be very much greater than the opposition of the ultra-protectionist element.

With the extraordinary appreciation of the value of the Canadian market has come naturally a vigorous demand by the commercial and industrial interests of the northern tier of states for freer trade relations with Canada. The states immediately contiguous to the northern tier share more or less in this demand. Because of the probability of such trade reprisals by Canada as would rapidly decrease the trade with the United States, an organized movement for reciprocity commenced in the northern tier of states nearly two years ago.

It is probable that in the near future such action will be taken by the United States as will establish fairer trade relations with Canada.

By THEO. M. KNAPPEN, *Associate Editor of The Minneapolis "Journal," Secretary of the Minnesota Branch of the National Reciprocity League*

IT is impossible to approach the subject of reciprocity between the United States and Canada with an unprejudiced mind, without coming to the conclusion that it is manifestly desirable, and the more the better—

even to the extent of free trade between the two countries.

To my mind it is enough of an argument for reciprocity to point to the superiority of freedom of trade between the States and Territories of the Amer-

ican Union, over what would be the condition if each of those political subdivisions had the power to impose tariffs at its frontiers. If free trade over half the continent has been good, freer trade over the whole of it should also be good. At present it is so generally admitted in the United States that reciprocity with Canada would be good for the Republic, that it is not worth while to discuss that side of the question.

Would it be good for Canada? I think there is no doubt of this. Gratifying as has been the development of the Dominion, especially the Canadian West, in the last five years, it would have been even more extensive if there had been freer trade between the two countries. American capital and American settlers would go into the Canadian West even more freely than at present, if they felt that they were not commercially cutting themselves off, to some extent at least, from their old associations. Free trade within the United States has not resulted in the concentration of manufacturing in any one State. Manufacturing centres exist North and South, East and West, all over the country and new ones are constantly springing into existence, in spite of the stiff competition of old established industries elsewhere.

Reciprocity would not mean stagnation for Canadian manufacturing industries. Canada has many natural advantages that would be certain to make her the scene of many manufacturing enterprises, designed to supply the whole Canadian-American trade, if it were not for the tariff barriers. Its population, moreover, would increase so much more rapidly than at present, that there would be a great opportunity for the establishment of those numerous industries in which location near the source of demand is nine-tenths of success.

It seems to me that Canadians who oppose reciprocity with the United States, think too much of the admission of the American manufacturer to the Canadian market and too little of the entrance of the Canadian manufacturer

into the American market. It is certain that any reciprocity treaty that may now be negotiated will result in a lowering of the Dingley tariff rates in such a way that the Canadian will have as free access to the American market as the American has to the Canadian. There are many well-established industries in the Dominion which ought to welcome the widening of what might be called their home market, from that supplied by the demands of six million people to that supplied by the wants of eighty-five million people—that being about the total population of the United States and Canada to-day.

So far I have confined the argument to the manufacturing side of the case. The Canadian farmer's side requires very little attention. No sane person doubts that freer entrance—and any reciprocity treaty that might now be negotiated would give him freer entrance—to the American markets, would be of great advantage to him. In many cases it would mean higher prices, and in all cases it would mean superiority of time and facility over the British market. Free access to the immense markets of the United States, plus present free access to the markets of the United Kingdom, is of vastly more importance to the Canadian farmer than a small preference in the British market—and he can expect no more—coupled with continued exclusion from the American market.

The United States and Canada are two neighbouring nations that produce large surpluses of agricultural products which are sold in Europe. As sellers in a common market, they have every reason for uniting to further their interests. For them to remain apart commercially, is to play into the hands of those to whom both must sell.

I know that Canadian friends of reciprocity have been chilled by many rebuffs from our side of the line, but it is to be hoped that they will again take heart from the remarkable growth of public opinion in the United States in favour of reciprocity with the Dominion, now so evident.

There is no doubt that a large ma-

majority of all our thinking people whose attention has been brought to this subject within the last two or three

years, are strongly in favour of reciprocity, on terms that shall be broad, fair and generous to Canada.

By NATHANIEL FRENCH, *Davenport, Iowa*

WHETHER reciprocal trade relations between Canada and the United States are desirable must depend upon their permanent effect on the production of each country. The wealth and prosperity of a country being measured by its production, any policy which makes its labour idle or less productive is pernicious, because of the sufferings of the labourers deprived of work and wages and the injury to the general welfare. The loss to the public through decrease of employment and production is as real as loss from crop failures, and even worse because of the demoralising effect of idleness upon the former workers. The question to be considered is, not which country will export more products to the other under a reciprocity treaty, but whether the effect will be to increase the value of the products of each. If it does this then the mutual lowering or removal of trade barriers is desirable; and it may happen that the country with the larger imports and smaller exports will profit the more, by reason of the imports having greater effect in increasing the volume of home products, whether consumed at home or sold to some third country. In solving this question the general principles underlying production and their practical operation in similar cases may well be considered.

The laws of nature are not limited by geographical divisions. Scientific truths and the laws of thought do not change with land, language or race. The fundamental instincts and motives of human nature sway all men. The advantage of increasing the efficiency of labour is the same anywhere. Left to himself the individual will naturally seek to get all he can for his own products and to buy the products of

others as cheaply as possible. He will usually do what he can do best, in order to make his labour as productive as possible. If trade along natural lines between citizens of the same state is profitable and stimulates production, it would seem that like trade between citizens of adjoining states should have the same effect, and that it should be permitted, unless objections exist more important than an increase in production.

Throughout the United States the citizens of the different states enjoy free trade with each other, and no barrier is allowed at any state line. After over a century of experience, the consensus of opinion throughout the entire country is that this freedom has been of inestimable value to each and all of the states, stimulating production and increasing wealth. (An illustration of the opinions prevailing as to interstate commerce may be taken from the locality in which the writer resides, viz: Eastern Iowa. Here the people obtain their coal from the mines of Western Illinois, which are near by, instead of purchasing coal from more distant mines of Iowa. It would be considered foolish to pay for the transportation of coal from a distance when equally good coal is close at hand. The useless hauling of this coal would appear in its true light as the waste of the most valuable of all things, human labour—as valuable to Iowa and its people as to others.

Another example of the stimulating effect upon production caused by the removal of barriers is afforded by Germany. The German Zollverein, established in 1824, removed the numerous tariffs and restrictions which impeded commerce between these states, with the result of a great increase in production, commerce and wealth. It may be remarked that until the forma-

tion of the German Empire these states were independent of each other though related by race, language and customs. Other examples might be cited showing the same result, a result always to be expected under similar conditions, as it is caused by one of the basic impulses of human nature. Of his own volition the individual will produce only enough for his own needs, unless he can sell or exchange the surplus. Free markets are therefore the great incentive to production.

The people of Canada and of the United States are to a marked degree similar, being related by blood, language, institutions, customs and instincts; and to the extent that these similarities were efficient in increasing the interstate commerce and production of the German States and the states of the Federal Union, under free trade, they will also be efficient under reciprocity between Canada and the United States. The rate of wages in the two countries does not differ greatly, and those who favour tariff walls to keep out the products of so-called "pauper labour" need have no fear of the products of either country. The fact that so much commerce exists between the two countries, notwithstanding the existing barriers, proves that it has been found beneficial by citizens of

both countries, and indicates that the removal or lowering of these barriers, will give more commerce, more production and more prosperity to both. While one or both countries may feel that its protective policy of the past regarding certain manufacturers may impose a moral duty to continue this policy for some time and to some extent, yet even within the lines of a moderate protective tariff, substantial reductions can be made in duties and in most if not all cases natural products can be placed on the free list. Wherever the matter has been discussed among the people of the United States, the sentiment appears strongly in favour of reciprocity with Canada, not because of any thought of profiting at the expense of Canada but on the broad theory that reciprocity will be a substantial, permanent benefit to both countries.

The opposition comes mainly from certain protected interests which do not really object to reciprocity with Canada as a thing by itself, but which fear its successful operation might be an argument for the lowering of barriers against the products of other nations.

If in the opinion of these interests reciprocity with Canada would prove injurious instead of beneficial much of the opposition would cease.

By E. N. FOSS, Treasurer B. F. Sturtevant Co., Boston

I AM convinced that commercial reciprocity, by means of treaties or general tariff concessions, is to become a future policy of the United States. The people of this country are slowly but surely beginning to realise the truth of President McKinley's conclusion that "the period of exclusiveness is past." Let that conviction permeate the mass of our people, and they will insist that trade negotiations be opened with our chief foreign customers, thus avoiding profitless tariff wars. It is only a question of time when this demand will become so insistent that no politician or group of politicians,

however influential in the past, will try to withstand it. The idea of commercial reciprocity as outlined in a broad spirit by McKinley has a stronger place in American politics than ever before. It represents the safe middle ground between "exclusiveness" and free trade.

American desire for reciprocity with Canada originated with our need for manufacturers' raw materials, which the Dominion produces in such abundance. It contemplates more than that, however; for, in the final analysis, it implies the imposition of moderately protective duties only on the products

of the two countries, of whatever character. It may take time to secure the full development of such a policy, but the tendency, in this country at least, is unmistakably in that direction.

This system would mean for Canada the same degree of development which our great West has enjoyed with the aid of our older East. For the United States it would mean reasonable access to the Canadian market with such goods as Canada does not produce in excess of her own needs or at all. Whatever of extraneous patriotic sentiment may be in the air, it cannot be denied, as a business proposition, that each country needs the other.

Canada is our third largest customer and the largest in the world for our manufactures. Our tariff rates are about double those levied by the Dominion upon our products, and our Canadian friends think their generosity has earned for them, without further concessions, a place for their natural products in our markets. However that may be, we have pressing need for very many of the natural products of the Dominion and should have them quickly. It is undeniable that Canada has, and for many years will have, pressing need for very many of our manufactures.

The prime object of such of our Canadian neighbours as desire reciprocity with the United States is that they may raise prices—and thus wages and the standard of living—in their own country. They could not, under any conceivable scheme of reciprocity, send goods enough to this country to materially affect prices here, in view of our own enormous production of everything in which they would compete.

To this view the objection is raised by some here that reciprocity would build up Canada at our expense. I agree that it would help materially to build up Canada, but I do not agree, for the reasons stated, that it would be at our expense. I say furthermore that whatever adds to the prosperity of our best customer is good for the United States.

With these things in mind, we now

come to the real situation. This presents to our Canadian friends the problem whether they shall raise their general tariff to equal ours, thus excluding many of our exports, or shall co-operate with such of us as favour tariff revision to secure a moderate, perhaps uniform, tariff between the two countries. The latter should, in my opinion, include protective features on both sides, but without raising such ridiculous barriers as now exist. Such a system would permit of a reasonably free interchange of the products of both countries without unduly raising the cost to consumers or sacrificing needed revenue.

United States public sentiment has not yet reached the point where it would sanction so important a departure from established policy, but it is rapidly changing. Canadian opinion is so tinctured with considerations of patriotic sentiment that our neighbours are in danger of losing sight of business principles. I would by no means depreciate the value of sentiment. I honour the generous loyalty with which the Dominion regards the mother country. I would ask nothing of Canada which she would not grant to Great Britain. I would, however, in all fairness, urge that no possible reciprocity between the United States and Canada contains the shadow of a menace to Canadian loyalty or ambition.

Had one-tenth the treasure lavished upon the Philippines been expended in cultivating the friendship of our neighbours to the north, what might not have been the result upon the welfare of the two countries? Where has this young and alert people a rival except among men of our own blood and training?

As New England built up the great West and placed the United States among the mightiest nations of the globe, so would we also have a part in the development of Canada. Only failure to see the benefit that would come to both countries stands in the way. And if this is true of our greatest customer on this continent, what of the mother country, our greatest customer

in the world? Her prosperity must be ours. Co-operation and reciprocity, not independence and retaliation, typify the spirit of the age.

Any scheme of imperial federation

which excludes the United States can have only a limited success. No plan of commercial union among English-speaking peoples can win that does not include them all.

By SOLOMON BULKLEY GRIFFIN, *Managing Editor Springfield Republican*

IN the end an enlightened self interest must be relied upon to govern trade relations. Illogical existing conditions yield but stubbornly often to the appeal of argument. But the pressure of necessity—the irking of restrictions undesirable and unnecessary, whose hampering processes are slowly perceived, when at last keenly felt and clearly seen, must give way before an imperative demand for relief.

Toward such a point New England is advancing. If the range of the perception of the need that exists for enlarging our trade relations to the northward is less wide at present in this section than it ought to be, the forces that will make it larger, and in the end dominant, are plainly to be seen. That they are both growing and growingly intelligent is certain.

Some evidences of this are worth presenting in such a discussion as this. The late Henry L. Dawes, long a member of Congress and senator of the United States from Massachusetts, and a profound student of tariffs, not long before his death, said: "It is a mistake to suppose that tariff legislation is a fixed science There can be no tariff formulated that can last, while all these conditions on which it is based are changing." In the same line was the remark made by an influential Republican member of Congress from this state, the past summer, that the existing tariff, unless revised to meet changing conditions, would surely lead to the overthrow of extreme protection by popular revolt. Other Massachusetts Republican members of Congress, among them George P. Lawrence, in the last political campaign, have declared views

which are represented by the quotation from Mr. Dawes. "There is more tariff reform sentiment in Massachusetts than exists in Iowa," says a Republican of national fame who has studied the western state during a stumping tour, and is perfectly familiar with the feeling in this state. The associated commercial bodies of Boston are much alive to the necessity which presses for enlarging the bounds of our trade relations; and the same sentiment appears in a less pronounced way among boards of trade throughout the state.

What are the moving considerations behind the changing sentiment which is manifest, and why are so many intelligent New Englanders reaching the conviction that the abrogation of our reciprocity with Canada in 1866 is to be regarded in the present backward look as a mistake? F. A. Vanderlip, vice-president of the National City Bank of New York, and a former assistant secretary of the federal treasury, said in an address before the Commercial Club of Boston, last March, that New England's old position as a manufacturing centre to supply the wants of the West and the South had been contested and in a measure lost. There is truth enough in the assertion to give force to Mr. Vanderlip's further contention that New England's ultimate dependence must be on a foreign trade. In any event the first essential for the continuing prosperity of our manufacturers is cheap raw materials, particularly iron, coal, lumber and other natural products which enter into the processes of the mechanical and building trades. In the West the millers are

calling for free wheat in order to mix the hard wheat of Manitoba with the American wheat to improve the general quality of their flour. Purely artificial is the barrier which blocks the way, and it is neither sacred nor unremovable when the intelligently directed demand comes.

The needs of the two countries, Canada and the United States, impartially considered, could be merged and met with advantage to both. We have grown big enough not only to accept commercial union, but to urge it. The Canadians desire a free exchange of natural products, and our production of finished products has increased so enormously that Canada would be unable to affect prices in the United States, no matter how much

she might sell to us. The Canadian under reciprocity would be able to put the present duty in his pocket, and this would give him more money and make him a better customer for our wares. The invitation would be to a mutual advantage—the appeal is to enlightened selfishness.

The late President McKinley advanced from a narrow protectionist into the almost inspired breadth of his last address at the Buffalo exposition; and along the way that he blazed—perhaps soon, possibly only until after our present imperialist fever has somewhat more abated—the American people will be found walking. It is to be hoped, even if we are a bit tardy, that Canada will be ready to respond to our overtures.

By EUGENE N. HAY, in the October, 1903, Review of Reviews

“THOSE Americans who talk of the United States annexing Canada, either by force of arms or by a tariff policy that excludes Canadian products from our markets, woefully misunderstand the temper and spirit of the race to which they belong. Let them remember that a country peopled by Anglo-Saxons has never been annexed. In thinking of forcible annexation, they forget the ‘Spirit of Seventy-Six’ and the race in which it was aroused. The policy of commercial exclusion has proven a dismal failure . . . our market was their natural market, but when it was denied them they sorrowed, but not in despair; disappointed they were, but not discouraged, and like the race to which they belong, wherever found upon the round globe, they turned their energies to making the best of the opportunity that was left them. They have found other markets for their products and prospered. . . .

“But whether Canada’s future is to become a free and independent nation, or a part of the American Union, the commercial relations between the two countries should be as free and un-

restricted as it is possible to make them. . . . To abolish all tariffs between the United States and Canada would greatly enhance the commercial interests of both countries.

“ Our average tariff on dutiable goods coming from Canada to the United States is 49.83 per cent., and the Canadian average tariff on dutiable goods going from the United States into Canada is 24.83 per cent. Unless commercial reciprocity is soon attained, Canadian tariffs will undoubtedly be raised to approximately the level of our own, which will practically destroy commerce between the countries.

“ In any reciprocity agreement that could be made, some small interests on both sides of the line would have to suffer. But such interests are prospering to-day at enormous cost to far greater interests and to the masses of the people of both countries, and the time must surely come when unnatural barriers will not be maintained at such a tremendous sacrifice of the well-being of the people for the trifling advantage a very few may receive.”

UNITED STATES IDEAS OF RECIPROCITY

WITH REFERENCES TO THE RECENTLY ADOPTED
PLATFORMS OF THE TWO PARTIES

By CHARLES H. McINTYRE



HE popular notion of reciprocity in the United States is very much like the time-worn testimonial of some stock patent-medicine. If you ask a member of a State legislature or the ordinary man in the street, what he thinks of Canadian trade, he will probably reply—"O yes, it is a good thing, a good thing"—just as if you had asked him how he liked a certain quack remedy that may perhaps have given him temporary relief. Even in New England this hazy and harmless idea prevails to a great extent. For thirty-five years Massachusetts business men and Chambers of Commerce have been discussing reciprocity with Canada in much the same way they have annually discussed the extermination of the gypsy moth. Public opinion rises and falls amidst these foggy, indefinite ideas of commercial intercourse with Canada, just as a whale comes to the surface of the ocean, blows off steam and then subsides into the rolling deep. People must discuss something, and so they flounder away from time to time on this old but familiar topic, never arriving any nearer to reciprocal trade, but always stiffening up the American tariff at periodical fits of enthusiasm for the home market. Now and again, if you encounter a manufacturer who is closely nestled behind the bulwarks of the Dingley schedules, he will declare most strenuously his adherence to "genuine reciprocity." For him, there can be no reciprocity but in non-competitive products, and he spurns with emphasis that peculiar brand proposed by Canada. Of course the fact that Canada has not for years made any proposition on this question, makes no difference either in his argument or assumptions. As the avowed

champion of a fighting tariff, he lays his hand upon his breast and calls upon his countrymen to resist the unpatriotic assaults upon American labour. His reciprocity accordingly is a kind that exists in his mind only, but never did nor can become an actuality. The public man who most fitly typifies this idea is Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, who always claims to be in favour of "genuine reciprocity," providing it does not affect the Gloucester fishing business or some other hungry but selfish industry. The truth is that very few Americans really understand this question. The great bulk of them know little about it and care less. The dominant political party, with a swaggering notion of their own greatness, take little interest in Canada or any other country, so long as the United States can sell it two or three times as much as they buy. This policy is in accordance with the instincts of human nature. It is especially potent among a sharp trading race. No humanitarian argument, however well conceived, can make the slightest headway against such a self-satisfied indifference. The only feasible remedy for countries like Canada and Great Britain, is to shut off certain exports of the Republic, by a policy of Imperial preference. Mr. Chamberlain understands very well where the weak spot in the Dingley tariff lies, and if Canada and the Empire get together on a preferential basis, the effect upon high protectionists in the United States would be most wholesome. We firmly believe that it is the only method by which a gradual reduction of duties in both countries can be made permanently successful.

While this nebulosity of ideas is very prevalent, there are no doubt many American business men who

clearly perceive where the best interests of their country lie. Such men as Governor Cummings of Iowa, Henry M. Whitney and Eugene N. Foss of Massachusetts are not only patriotic Americans, but sincere believers in enlarged commercial intercourse with Canada. Quite recently a movement for reciprocity has been started by these gentlemen and others associated with them. Mr. Foss is a successful manufacturer of some 'twenty years' standing, and has built up a great industry both at home and abroad. He thoroughly understands the nature of the burdens imposed upon the business men of New England by excessive tariff rates. He has been a staunch and life-long Republican, but so far, he has been unable to convert the high-protectionist element in his party to a policy of commercial conciliation towards Canada. He recognises the duty of Canada to develop her own industrial life, to control her own tariff and to maintain her allegiance to the British flag. Neither does he view with hostility the Preferential policy of Mr. Chamberlain. But he believes that it is entirely possible for Canada and the United States to have an increased measure of reciprocal trade in certain natural products, together with a moderate extension of the free list and a reduction of duties on a limited number of manufactured or partly manufactured goods. Moreover Mr. Foss believes that it is necessary for the United States to take the first step in a serious effort to resume negotiations. This is very important, as such an idea has yet to dawn upon the mind of the average American. The pushful citizen is too much wrapped up in the bigness of his own country to think of unbending and sitting down to talk this matter over with a small nation like Canada. However, he may some day learn better.

The views of Mr. Whitney, while in most respects satisfactory, are not so clear as those of Mr. Foss. He still possesses some hazy notions of commercial union and unrestricted reci-

procity. For example, in a recent address before "The Twentieth Century Club," of Boston, he is reported to have said: "We have Sir Wilfrid Laurier's word for it that the Liberal party in Canada will never desist until it obtains unrestricted continental reciprocity. I believe that Canada would meet us in a spirit which would permit of an agreement that would make trade between the two countries as free as it is between the State of Massachusetts and the State of New York." Of course, Mr. Whitney, though entirely sincere, is too exuberant about this matter. Continental unrestricted reciprocity has already been thoroughly discussed and just as completely discredited in Canada. It is an utter impossibility either as a political or commercial policy. The mere proposal of such a scheme, will only embarrass a situation already very delicate. The views of Mr. Foss on this point are entirely different. His proposal is confined strictly to a limited interchange of commodities, and stops there. Free trade between the two countries is regarded by him as Utopian. The position of such men as Mr. Foss, therefore, seems eminently reasonable, and is based upon a more correct diagnosis of the case. He is willing to live and let live—a wise policy for nations as well as individuals.

At the request of some 35,000 business men of Massachusetts, Mr. Whitney, as President of the Boston Chamber of Commerce, called a mass meeting in Faneuil Hall on May 16 last, for the consideration of the question in a serious spirit. Strong resolutions were adopted, and the importance of the movement was impressed upon members of the State Legislature and of Congress. A committee of one hundred citizens was subsequently chosen to devise ways and means and for the prosecution of the work throughout the country. This undoubtedly indicates the existence of a powerful sentiment in favour of the proposal. Indeed if the people of New England were free to do as they pleased, there would be

no great difficulty in making a trade arrangement eminently satisfactory to both countries. The national platform of the Democratic party is not only pledged to tariff reform, but it contains the following plank on reciprocity: "We favour liberal trade arrangements with Canada, and with peoples of other countries where these can be entered into with benefit to American agriculture, manufactures, mining or commerce." The Republican platform adopted at Chicago is less clear, and contains the curious declaration that "We have extended widely our foreign markets, and we believe in the adoption of all practicable methods for their further extension, including commercial reciprocity, wherever reciprocal arrangements can be effected consistent with the principles of protection and without injury to American agriculture, American labour or any American industry." As between these party declarations, the Democratic statement is certainly more explicit. The Republican party is still wedded to the policy of high protection. Nobody and no industry within the sacred zone of the Dingley tariff is to be injured; and, so long as the withering miasma of that tariff zone is spread over American commerce, there is little prospect that the child, reciprocity, will ever be born to bless the land. A resolution recently introduced into the Massachusetts Legislature memorialising the representatives of that State in Congress to take some action for the resumption of negotiations with Canada, was most decisively rejected. The dictators of the Republican party would have none of it. Behind that party in New England is the Home Market Club and most of the protected manufacturers, and while they pretend to be in favour of "genuine reciprocity," they are in reality vehemently opposed to it. There is also the Gloucester fishing industry—that so-called nursery of the American navy—which can set up a howl to order, if free fish were accorded to the crowded towns of New England. No great northern state as yet has de-

cisively spoken in favour of the movement, and even if New England should embrace the idea, it will certainly be difficult to convert the grasping industrial potentates of Pennsylvania, New York and Ohio. It is yet too soon to predict the outcome. So few men possess the courage, optimism and reasonableness of Mr. Foss or Mr. Whitney, that their appeals seem to be like the voices of John-the-Baptist reformers amidst the great wilderness of indifference, ignorance and hostility. It is much easier for the average man to pile up difficulties than to remove them, on questions of this kind. The American people must be educated up to the right frame of mind, before the first successful step is taken. If the advocates of reciprocal trade with Canada can do this, their case is won; if they cannot, it is lost. Herein lies the crux of the whole question, and the next few years will tell whether the proper spirit exists. According to Henry Loomis Nelson "the party in control of the government has given notice to Canada that reciprocity is not to be granted."

The views of the American press are not altogether satisfactory. A few great journals in the east like the *Boston Herald* have espoused the reciprocity cause, but generally speaking the high-protectionist organs, if not hostile, are coldly neutral. The following extract from the *Boston Journal* is a fair sample of their non-possumus attitude. Referring to a letter written to the *Springfield Republican* a short time ago by Goldwin Smith, the *Journal* says:

"This seems to mean that, in Professor Smith's judgment, if we will but bid high enough and make very generous concessions to the Canadians we may be able to get something in return. This is interesting as the view of one intelligent Canadian upon the situation, but it is not particularly encouraging to American champions of reciprocity with Canada who appear to have an altogether inadequate conception of the obstacles necessary to be overcome." Of course it never occurs to

these "stand patters" that one of the greatest "obstacles" is the Chinese wall of the Dingley tariff. When looking abroad for new markets to exploit they always stand on top of this wall, and consequently never see it. The merchant or farmer in Canada who has some goods to sell to a merchant in Boston or New York, is the man who has to bump up against this "obstacle." To those ardent defenders of the American tariff Canada may aptly reply, "First cast out the beam out of thine own eye; and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote out of thy brother's eye."

Apart from these petty bickerings, however, there are certain serious dangers behind the reciprocity movement, dangers which should be clearly considered by Canada. These may or may not be fatal to her best interests. Such a contingency altogether depends upon the character of her people and the influences of reciprocal trade. Many years' residence in the Republic has taught me that, beneath the notions of the average American concerning reciprocity, is the fixed belief that sooner or later, by hook or by crook, Canada must be made an integral part of the Union. The methods for accomplishing such a result may vary. They may be peaceful and benevolent, or they may be predatory and designing. No doubt many patriotic Americans would disavow such a belief or design, but that does not change the prevailing view. That such a feeling exists, and exists very widely, is a fact as susceptible of proof as any phenomenon well can be in the current life of the Republic. One of the common arguments for reciprocity is the supposed ingratiating of the Canadian people, so that they will become en-



THE OPEN BRIDGE

—The St. Paul Pioneer Press

amoured with Americans and ultimately cast in their lot with their kindred to the south. While such a sentiment is not unnatural, the inevitable result of such reasoning is to view reciprocity as the precursor of that larger harvest which annexation is believed to contain. Commercial intercourse with Canada is thus made to run counter to her present political allegiance. We do not say that it is necessarily so, but we feel compelled to point out this notion of the average American. Suppose that a reciprocity treaty were framed to-morrow, what is to hinder an American President or Secretary of State from putting some peculiar construction on the terms of that treaty, just as they have done with Columbia, and then if Canada did not come up to the scratch, applying the national shillalah to their naughty little neighbour? We trust that such a situation may never arise. But no man can read the history of the United States for the last one hundred years, especially the war with Mexico, and believe such a contingency to be impossible. Until Americans drop this line of argument absolutely, is there any reason why Canadians should place their political destiny in pawn?

Again, to what extent could Canada modify her present preferential policy

to Great Britain in favour of the United States? Why should she do so in view of the fact that for a decade or more she has sold the bulk of her products to the mother country? Reciprocity, if attainable at all, must conform chiefly to those articles and products wherein this country does not compete very largely with Great Britain in the Canadian market. These would mainly consist in the natural products of the farm, the mine, the forest and the sea. A limited number of manufactured goods might be more freely exchanged, but the number would be small. Canada is just as much calculated to develop great manufacturing industries as the United States, and her national life will most assuredly require the same variety of interests. Indeed, one effect of the present tariff policy is to drive American industries over into Canada. Almost every day we read of the establishment of a branch factory in Canada of some British or American concern. This tends to give further employment for Canadian workmen. Instead of Canada becoming a mere exporter of raw materials, she is thus enabled to convert a reasonable proportion of those materials into manufactured goods. This fact has not escaped the observation of public authorities in the United States. For example, the Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics of Labour has recently sent out to the business men of that commonwealth a pamphlet calling attention to the manufacturing opportunities that now exist in Canada. The *Boston Herald*, in commenting upon this leaflet, says that the dissemination of such facts is a necessary result from the narrow and exclusive policy which has been pursued by the dominant political party of the country for so many years. The editorial further states that "unless the force of public opinion can bring about a change in the present fiscal policy of the national Government, so far as this policy stands in opposition to the establishment of freer trade relations with the Dominion of Canada, we shall witness a gradual drying up

of our local industries for want of adequate markets, with the exportation of American capital and possibly American labour to this foreign country at the north of us for the purpose of their developing industries which, under more favourable fiscal conditions would be easily developed within our own borders." From a purely Canadian standpoint, therefore, it is difficult to see why the *status quo* in this respect is not beneficial to Canada. Judging by the strength of the public opinion that is now demanding an increase of the Canadian tariff, there is evidently a very large body of Canadians who cherish the same belief. Whether a limited measure of reciprocity with the United States would tend to build up the manufacturing and industrial interests of Canada at a greater pace than is going on at the present time, is an open question. Certainly the chief benefits to be derived from such a treaty either by Canada or the United States would be distributed more widely among other elements of their population. The great bulk of the people in both countries are engaged in occupations which are not affected in any material degree by purely industrial activities.

But if reciprocity ever should become a feasible question, a further query will arise as to the best method of attaining it. Shall it be by a treaty mutually binding for a certain period, or by concurrent legislation in each country, or by a system of maximum and minimum tariffs? If a treaty be framed it must necessarily be referred to the United States Senate for approval, where it will probably undergo the usual process of haggling and emasculation. In addition, such a treaty is liable to be construed by one party in one way and by the other party in another way. The more powerful country is apt to resent the construction placed upon the treaty by a smaller nation. If they cannot agree on the terms friction or international bickerings are likely to ensue. Great dangers are likely to lurk behind such a treaty unless the spirit and temper of the two peoples is immensely changed.

What warrant have we for believing that during the next fifty years their actions and temper will be materially different from their conduct during the past fifty years? We can only say that such a treaty, if rightly used, contains the germs of international friendship and goodwill, but it may also be the club for a powerful and aggressive nation to use unsparingly upon a weaker one. The method of concurrent legislation appears to be more free from the difficulties just mentioned. Each country is free to legislate along certain lines, with a proviso that it take effect upon the other country enacting similar legislation. Neither country is tied up to any hard and fast agreement. If the legislation is repealed in one country it is automatically repealed in the other. It leaves Canada entirely free to adjust her relations with the Empire. It gives her absolute control of her own tariff matters, and prevents her becoming a suppliant at the feet of an aggressive and powerful neighbour. On the other hand, it permits the Republic to maintain its traditional and historic policy by refraining from entangling alliances. If she chooses to continue a policy of commercial conciliation towards Canada, well and good; if she does not, Canadians have no ground of complaint. They have the undoubted privilege of creating a reciprocity of tariffs instead of a reciprocity of trade. The method of maximum and minimum tariffs might also be employed. It has many desirable features, chief among which is the more equal treatment which it is likely to accord to all nations. All these methods, however, must be governed by the facts and circumstances in existence when the time for negotiation comes. No hard and fast method should be laid down, and unless a proper spirit emanates from both peoples, reciprocal trade will never be achieved this side of the Greek Kalends.

Considering then the general trend of public opinion in the United States,

it is pretty clear that if enlarged commercial intercourse with Canada is ever attained, the subject must be approached more or less indirectly. In other words, it is exceedingly doubtful if the mere narrow issue of reciprocity is sufficient to attract the attention of the great body of American people. If their convictions are once firmly fixed upon the necessity for general tariff revision, then the movement for reciprocal trade with Canada is likely to succeed. In the first place, a general reduction of tariff duties by the Republic would place her on more friendly and intimate commercial terms with Great Britain, and as well as other portions of the Empire. In the second place, her tariff would then tend to an equality with that of Canada. A more reasonable basis for negotiation would exist, and to some extent, the present preferential policy of Canada might be applied to the Republic. Any loss which Great Britain might suffer from the extension of the Canadian preference to the United States would be fully recouped by her increased exports to the Republic. But the two things must go together. No further commercial privileges can be granted by Canada to the United States until the latter has evinced a genuine disposition to reciprocate. That friendly relations between two such countries are eminently desirable no one will dispute. A good deal of sentimental nonsense, however, is wasted on this subject. Most of the banquet talk and high-sounding encomiums mean very little when it comes to international business. The best evidence of a nation's friendship is to be found in deeds, not words. If those deeds are tainted by sharp-practice and shifty standards of righteousness, they betoken a very doubtful amity. If, on the other hand, they embody the principles of equity and fair-dealing, their inspiration has arisen from a spirit of Christian friendship, which is the highest test of a nation's greatness.

CANADIAN CELEBRITIES

No. 54—RT. REV. BISHOP CRIDGE



It was a bright warm August morning in 1856, in Fort Victoria. That something unusual was afoot was evident from the behaviour of the inhabitants, who gathered in groups under the wide verandahs which extended along Government Street, or issued from the trails which penetrated the forest in almost every direction. Presently all moved toward the fort itself, and passed through the gate which pierced its cedar palisade. Just inside the stockade, and on a spot near which the Canadian Bank of Commerce now stands, they gathered in a square, unfurnished room, to witness the formal opening of the first House of Assembly of Vancouver Island, and the birth of responsible government in the Canadian West.

Of those who participated in, and witnessed that epoch-making event, three attracted particular attention, an augury of the conspicuous parts they were destined to play in the life of the colony. Towering head and shoulders above the throng, stately as the firs among which so much of his life was passed, and under whose shade he ultimately was laid to rest, moved Governor James Douglas, his handsome face already bespeaking that executive power and authority for the exercise of which he subsequently found such necessity. The speaker was a man almost the epitome of the courtly and dignified Governor, whose daughter he afterwards married. He was of medium height, spare in person, cheerful and affable in disposition. The Governor was unpopular with many, but Dr. John Sebastian Helmcken was popular with all.

Prayers were read by the last of the trio mentioned, Rev. Edward Cridge. He was rector of the district church, and although but a short time in the colony was beloved by all grades of society. He was then about thirty-

nine years of age, shaven, and ruddy of countenance, but even at that remote date not unendowed with that benevolent expression which at the present day so becomes his fourscore years. From the day in question, Rev. Edward Cridge, the company's rector, like Governor Douglas its chief factor and Dr. Helmcken its surgeon, became an actor in a larger arena, and commenced a relationship with the colony which was to endure for half a century. The duties of the first two called them to statecraft, while those of the clergyman were more private offices, yet it is doubtful whether they left their imprint on the life of the community more indissolubly than did he.

Bishop Cridge came to Victoria as minister to the district church of Vancouver Island in 1855. The white population of his constituency at that time numbered about six hundred souls. He derived his appointment from the H. B. Co. and, until that corporation completed his church and parsonage, made his home within the walls of their fort. The voyage to Victoria in the *Marquis of Bute*, via the Sandwich Islands, occupied six months.

His birthplace was in Devon, where he first saw the light in 1817, and his natural parts may be judged by the fact that at nineteen he was third master of the Grammar school, Oundle, Northamptonshire. This was followed by a course at Peter House College, Cambridge, whence he graduated and secured his degree in 1848. Six more years were passed in educational and clerical work before coming to Victoria.

Here he has made his home for nearly fifty years, and reflection on the events which have been crowded into that period will suggest what an interesting career his has been. In fact it is so closely interwoven with the history of the province as to be a part of it.

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PHOTO BY SKENE LOWE, VICTORIA

RT. REV. BISHOP CRIDGE

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He continued as rector of the Anglican Church till 1874, when it was unfortunately divided through the pro-Ritualistic sermon of an Anglican divine—a course diametrically opposed to the liberal views taught by the Bishop. Then followed appeals to the courts, and finally the secession of most of the congregation to found an R. E. Church, of which he was selected rector. In 1876 Mr. Cridge attended the R. E. Church convention in Ottawa, where he was consecrated a bishop and appointed a deputation to the Free Church in England.

Since that time his life has drifted along in comparative calm. When age and infirmity rendered the duties as rector too onerous, and an assistant had to be appointed, that gentleman, Rev. Dr. (now Professor) Wilson declined to accept the title of rector, preferring to be known only as assistant to the Bishop. By virtue of his long career, and of the love for him shown by all church members, Bishop Cridge holds to-day by common consent a position which might almost be described as that of dean of the clerical corps.

His position in the community in other respects is unique. He has married and baptised three generations in the same family. His presence, too, is regarded, in a sense, as the seal of many events. Few of the vast throng who filled Victoria's drill hall to God-speed the local quota for the First

Canadian Contingent will forget the dramatic scene, just prior to the march out, when the venerable bishop extended his hands and blessed the arms of the men about to go forth to battle. It was like an Old Testament scene.

A life so eminently useful, and which he himself describes as being "crowded with mercies" is moving serenely to its close in surroundings congenial to his heart. Amid the flowers and shrubbery which screen "Marifields," flit fair-haired grandchildren, the riot of their laughter drifting in through the open windows of his study, and bringing a smile of rare beauty and content to the kindly features of this Grand Old Man of British Columbia. The setting is an ideal one for the figure.

The striking photograph which accompanies this article was taken by Mr. Skene Lowe, Victoria, by request, to form one of a collection started to commemorate the founding of the Cambridge University Musical Society at Peter House (the Bishop's alma mater) sixty years ago, he being one of its organising members. The instrument shown in the picture is that on which he played at several ensuing concerts, and which he still employs for his own diversion. It may be interesting to note that Y. B. Dykes (Catharine), subsequently author of several beautiful hymns, and Lord Kelvin (then Wm. Thompson) were active members of the Society.

John Nelson

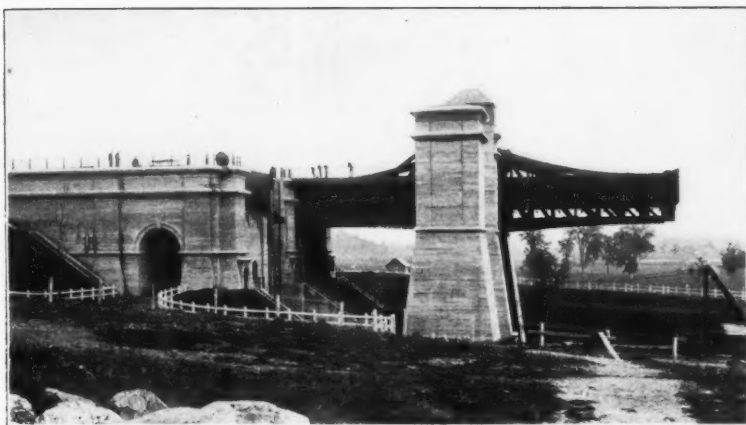
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MIDSUMMER

BY B. J. THOMPSON

A^N August moon—
The river's tune—
The touch of a bending willow ;
A blessed sky—
A restful sigh—
A canoe—
And you !

A trembling word
All passion-stirred—
A shudder along your paddle ;
Ah ! never fear,
For none shall steer
My canoe—
But you !



THE PETERBOROUGH HYDRAULIC LIFT LOCK—FROM THE WEST SIDE

AN HYDRAULIC LIFT LOCK

By F. H. DOBBIN

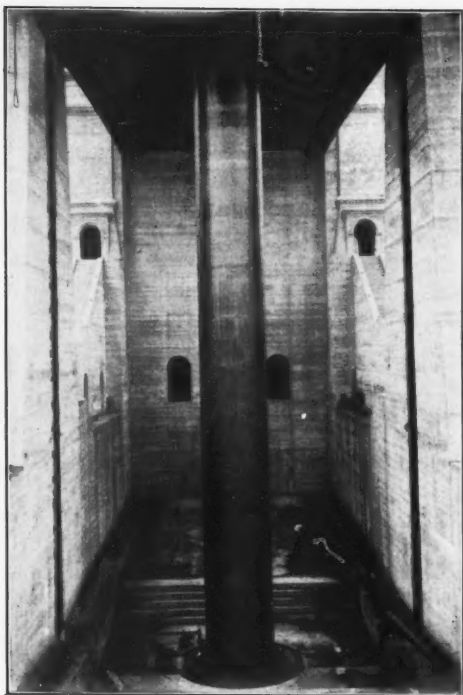


NOTABLE event in the engineering world was the formal opening, or putting into operation, of the gigantic hydraulic lift lock at Peterborough, Ont. This lock forms a connecting link between two levels on the Trent waterway. This waterway consists of a series of lakes and rivers connected by artificial canals. It forms, when completed, a line of water communication between Midland Harbour, on Georgian Bay, and Lake Ontario, coming out at either Trenton or Port Hope as may be determined. The construction of the canal has been under way for many years, and of the total length of 203 miles only about 20 miles remain to be completed. The chief value of the canal is thought to be in its use for barge navigation, permitting grain to be brought in bulk from the west to Midland and unloaded into barges taken through the canal and towed down the St. Lawrence to Montreal.

From the lakes above Peterborough to within four miles of the town, the

Otonabee river has been canalised, and an artificial channel connects the river reaches with the lift lock. Here the difference of level is sixty-five feet, and instead of overcoming this by means of locks of the mitre gate, or ordinary type, the hydraulic lift lock was planned. Three locks of this type are in operation in European countries, the pioneer lock having been built at Anderton, England. Very little of the design in either of these locks was incorporated in the Canadian one, which is a departure from prescribed rules. Instead of masonry the substructure is built of concrete, quite the largest mass of this material as yet put together. The highest European lift is 50 feet; the Canadian lock elevates its burthen to 65 feet, while the capacity is about double.

In principle the hydraulic lock may be likened to two immense hydraulic elevators having their presses connected together, the descending one furnishing the power which causes the ascending one to rise. The platform of each elevator is made in the form of



PETERBOROUGH HYDRAULIC LIFT LOCK—ONE OF THE MAIN LIFTING RAMS—LIFTS A VESSEL SIXTY-FIVE FEET

a large watertight box or tank closed at either end by a gate. The lockage is performed by towing the vessel into the box of water and then closing the gates at the ends of the box. The ends of the lower and upper reaches are closed by similar gates. The box is thus left independent of the reach (as the navigable channel leading to the lock is termed), and free to move vertically. The box, with the water and floating vessel, is then raised or lowered to the other reach. The chamber, or box, about to descend, is loaded with a few inches more water than the other chamber, thus giving it the necessary additional load, or "surcharge," to enable it to cause the ascending chamber to rise when valves between the two presses are opened.

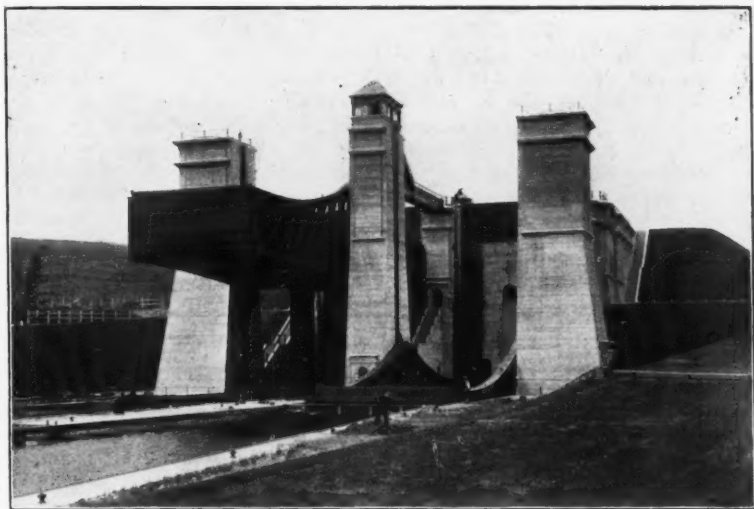
Five locks of the ordinary type would have been necessary to overcome the height which is covered by the lift

lock, or if built in pairs, ten locks of the ordinary type would have only assured the duty of passing the traffic in the same time as can be done with the hydraulic lock. And the service would have been slower, continually interrupted, and the capacity of the canal at this point restricted. Hydraulic lift locks are planned and built to serve the future as well as the present and to provide for expansion.

The preparation for the foundation for the lock required an immense amount of labour. Over 120,000 cubic yards of earth were removed, and the excavation was completed in 1899. Being on the slope of a hill, the excavation was much the heaviest at the north. Most of the material removed was hard clay mixed with boulders. All of this was removed down to the rock, and on this firm foundation the concrete superstructure was erected. While the excavation was going on large quantities of stone and sand were delivered on the works. Nearly all the farms in the neighbourhood were denuded of stone that had accumulated

in the fields and fences. The stone was crushed by power crushers, mixed with the sand and cement by power mixers and carried out on the works by derricks and cableway. With the mould boards placed, defining the contour of the part to be erected, the concrete was emptied in, firmly rammed and settled into place. Over 26,000 barrels of cement were used.

Following the commencement of the concrete work, the "wells" to receive the cylinders of the presses were undertaken. These were excavated down for 75 feet below the general level of the bottom of the lock, the diameter being 16 feet 6 inches. At the bottom of each well to receive the base of the cylinder was placed a foundation of large blocks of Stanstead granite, in three courses, two of 30 and one of 40



THE PETERBOROUGH LIFT LOCK—FROM THE LOWER REACH

inches in thickness. The wells are lined with concrete, making the walls smooth and practically watertight.

For two years the placing and building of the concrete work proceeded, and when finished over 26,000 cubic yards had been placed. As sections of the work there was built the breast wall, 126 feet wide at the base, 80 feet high and 40 feet thick. Formed within the breast wall was a large chamber or room, which contains the pressure pumps, by which the accumulator is filled. These pumps are driven by turbines. Stairways are provided, built in the mass of concrete, to give access to the pump-room and various parts of the work. The breast wall is pierced by an arched roadway, and over this is built the entrance to the upper reach. The breast wall is finished with a handsome and massive cornice.

The guide towers, three in number, are massive pieces of concrete work. From foundation to top the distance is 100 feet. As these towers act as guides to the chambers in ascending and descending, the inner faces are plumb, the outer faces built with a batter. At intervals mouldings project

from the walls and make an agreeable break in the otherwise rigid outline. The summit of the tower is finished with a neat cornice, and the central tower is capped with a handsome cabin, sheathed in copper, and from which the operation of the lock is directed and controlled.

The main presses form the most interesting as well as the most important part of the whole structure. It is thought that they are the largest hydraulic presses that have ever been made. Each ram is 90 in. external diameter and has a working stroke of 65 feet. The gauge pressure in the presses during operation is nearly 600 pounds per square inch. The inside diameter of the press is 7 feet $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches, giving a water space of $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches all round between the ram and press. The rams are built of cast iron, $3\frac{1}{4}$ inches thick, made up in sections. Each section is 5 feet 3 inches long and is bolted to the adjacent ones by bolts through inside flanges, for which purpose forty $1\frac{1}{4}$ in. bolts are used. The joints between the sections are made with a gasket of thin copper, rolled true to gauge, 1-16 inch thick by $\frac{3}{4}$

inch wide. This gasket is brazed in the form of a ring. The ends of the ram sections are rabbetted to fit into one another and have male and female corrugations. The copper is put in flat, and when the joint is screwed down tightly, becomes corrugated, making the joint perfectly tight.

The presses are made of steel castings, built up similarly to the rams. The internal diameter is 7 feet $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches. The thickness of the metal is $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches, and the length of the sections 5 feet 3 inches. The sections are flanged at both ends. The flanges are faced and rabbetted male and female to receive a soft copper gasket similar to that used in the rams. In addition to the copper a lead gasket was also used in the press joints, being placed in a V-shaped groove cut in the flanges about 3 inches outside the circle of the copper gasket. The lead was put in round, $\frac{1}{2}$ inch diameter, and distorted to nearly fill the groove in the process of making the joint. Fifty-six bolts, 1-58 inch in diameter, were used in each of the press joints.

A summary of the amounts and various kinds of metal used in the superstructure is as follows: Rolled steel in plates and shapes for the lock chambers and gates, 1,680,000 pounds; cast iron in rams, accumulator, guides and various machines, 495,000 pounds; steel castings for the main presses and accumulator, 668,000 pounds.

It is gratifying to know in these days of commercial and engineering activity that this important work is the product of Canadian skill, and that it has been planned and built, in fact, "made in Canada. It is the largest and most pretentious work of the kind on the continent, indeed in the world. It makes an epoch in canal construction, and elicits unqualified praise from men the highest in the engineering professions. In the old country such work is placed in the hands of men of world-wide experience and reputation; here it is accomplished by Canadians in a country town, and worthily shows that the confidence reposed by the Department of Railways and Canals in our Canadian men has not been misplaced.

SOME FACTS OF INTEREST

Height of lift, 65 feet.

Dimensions of Presses:—External diameter of cylinders, 8 feet, $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches; diameter of ram, 7 feet, 6 inches; working stroke, 65 feet; the largest ever built.

Pressure in presses during operation, 600 pounds to the square inch.

Approximate weight of water in each chamber, 1,300 tons.

Depth of water in chamber, 8 feet.

Dimensions of Chambers:—Two; each 140 feet long, by 33 feet wide; depth, 9 feet, 10 inches. Built of steel plates.

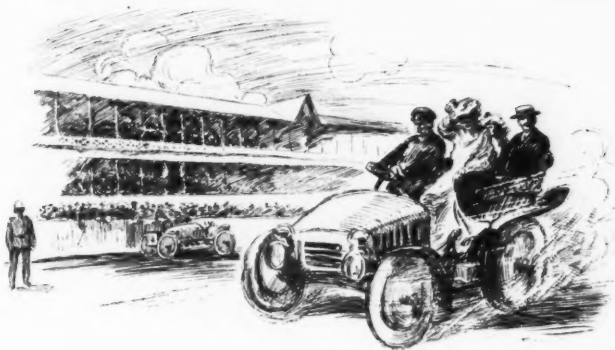
Height of Guide Towers:—100 feet from foundation. Base of tower, 26 feet, 6 inches x 40 feet, 8 inches. Central tower slightly smaller.

Breast Wall of Lock:—40 feet thick, 80 feet high and 126 feet long at base.

Substructure of Lock:—Concrete; the largest monolithic mass of concrete in the world. It contains over 26,000 cubic yards.

Time of Lockage, twelve minutes.

Cost of Lock, half a million dollars.



CANADA'S FIRST AUTOMOBILE RACES

By FERGUS KYLE

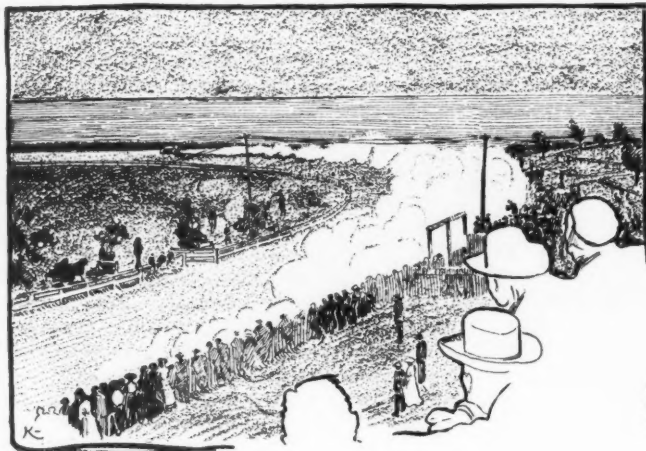
LOOKING from the gallery of the grand stand in the Exhibition Grounds in Toronto one fine Saturday afternoon early in August, one could see the white sails of the yachts racing over the course on the bay; men in slim racing boats were pulling at their oars; in the lagoon at the Island athletic youths in bathing suits were doing the trudgeon stroke in their annual swimming competitions; on the commons in the middle distance a baseball player was doing his best to beat the ball to the plate; and down on the track in front of the stand, Father Time, hard pressed as he was in all his other contests that day, was being beaten to a standstill by a green streak of a thing that was going round the course faster than any human contrivance had ever done it before. The Automobile Club of Toronto was giving its exposition of the principle of fast locomotion, and 5,000 sympathetic souls were watching.

The game of automobiling has been steadily advancing in Canada. The "horseless carriage" of a few years ago is now known under a score of aliases, and its devotees are as well versed in all the nice discriminations of mechanism as were the enthusiasts

who but a short time ago were filled with the bicycle craze.

Doubtless the familiarity of the poor "bike" has earned for it the contempt in which it is now held as a vehicle of sport, but not so with the "fussy wagons." Until everybody has had his chance to climb aboard and juggle with the levers until satisfied that he can make it unwind the miles as well as anyone else, the auto. will continue to be good for a backward look on the street and an admission ticket on the track.

What clinched the argument for the indifferent Saturday afternoon sightseers in favour of the automobile races as an attraction was the much advertised visit of Barney Oldfield and his Peerless racer, a 100 horse-power machine that weighed over a ton, and wore \$100 tires at each and every performance; one that would go a mile a minute on an ordinary dirt road without even a rail to hold it in line, and which, if it got away from and with its driver, would probably make kindling wood of any fences or buildings it came across. Barney himself was a good-looking young man with iron nerve and muscle, ability to think quicker than has been, and a courage far in excess of anything required in everyday pur-



A VIEW
OF THE
TRACK.

suits. If it was true that it took a pretty good all-round man to run an automobile under ordinary circumstances, surely there must be something uplifting in the exhibition of progressive methods as set forth in the Exhibition grounds that afternoon.

So 5,000 persons were there to see.

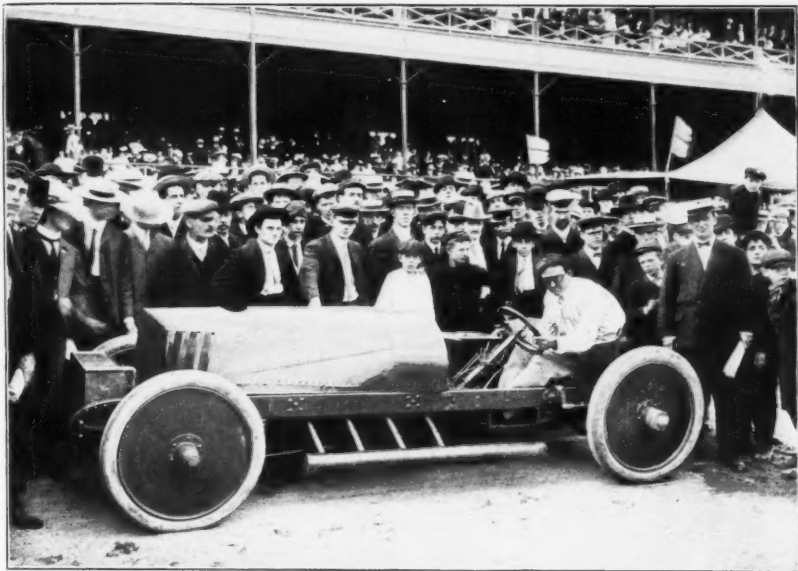
Scattered about the field enclosed by the track were some fifty automobiles of many sorts; all snorting and chugging and breathing strong breaths. Some were like freight cars, some were palaces on wheels; motor cycles for one, buckboards for two, and many-seated, luxuriously upholstered touring cars for parties. Lounging in the seats were many well-dressed folk, all with programmes and a keen interest in the doings of the machines that were of the same make as their own. Some of the men were arrayed in all the paraphernalia of the game,

waterproof caps and coats, goggles and gauntlets; others had just stepped into the auto. from the luncheon table, and, between races, took their ladies for a two-minute spin on the track with the air that they might assume in strolling across the lawn to the tennis court. Moving about in a more business-like way were the

mechanical experts, attending to the needs of their eccentric charges. Also there were the dealers and agents, as in the old bicycle days, when the race was not so much to the clever-brained mechanically, as to the strong, muscularly. Among the officials of the track were many faces seen at the old bicycle tracks. Automobiling is a bigger game than bicycling, and it costs more to get in; but it is the same old game and the principle is the same—to travel fast.

The "passing of the horse" does not hold





OLDFIELD AND THE MACHINE IN WHICH HE MADE HIS RECORDS AT TORONTO

PHOTOGRAPH BY GALBRAITH

good when applied to racing. So long as flesh and blood are so largely used in the making of people a bundle of cog-wheels and gasoline taps and electric sparks, no matter how cleverly put together, will never interest the sport-loving crowds as the horses do.

To be sure there was uncertainty, and the people cheerfully chaffed the luckless chauffeur who, without knowing exactly why, was left at the post, sitting impatiently in his carriage, pushing on the reins, so to speak; but the generous applause which greeted the winners in the several events was less a spontaneous outburst of interest in the race than an expression of goodwill and a testimonial to the popularity of the automobiler; somewhat like prize day at school when the blushing hero of many a backyard tussle goes forward amid the hand clapping to receive the prize that was coming to him all the time—simply because he had the equipment.

It was impossible that so many spectators should all have the me-

chanic's love for grimy fingers, and the sense of satisfaction in making the wheels and valves and things work together for good, but the arrangement of the various classes on the programme in relation to the machine's cost appealed to them as highly appropriate, and it was with no little delight that they beheld a little \$1,000 auto. come rollicking home a winner in the class that was "selling for \$2,100 and under."

The mile-a-minute auto., however, was a horse of another colour. It was painted a vivid apple green and was clearly constructed with an eye single to phenomenal performances. Its frame was low set on the wheels; the outer shell, covering all its powerful internals, was sharply pointed at the front, resembling an inverted torpedo boat, and its whole appearance was that it was for business purposes only. Oldfield, himself, deserved all that the advance notices could say of his nerve, keen eyesight, and physical fitness. There was a real struggle—against

time, against fatigue of the senses, against the chance that the crazy thing would stumble or bolt through the fences, the man on the green steed and a whole field of unseen possibilities, at even money, pressing close on the flank. That was the race the crowd came to see, and they were not disappointed.

It was really startling to eyes accustomed only to trolley cars, locomotives and other fast travellers, to see the way that machine sped over the ground. A man could take a match from his pocket as the auto. passed the starting point, strike it and light his pipe, take an extra puff to make sure it was going, and look up to find the machine half-way round the half-mile track; he would just have time to shift his position for a good look at the finish, when it would shoot past with a devilish rattle. To see it from the top of the stand was like looking down upon a little tin track, with a little toy engine wound up tight and squirming manfully to stay on its feet until it could get rid of its surplus energy. What a fine thing it would be for a man in a tremendous fit of temper if he had all outdoors to work on, with no stone walls to butt against! But Oldfield was the man with the cool

nerve; he crouched rigid, and sought out smooth places on the track. Level as the track was for ordinary travel, one could plainly see the racer bounce and swerve on the turns of the course. As it tore round the western end, where human beings lined the flimsy outside fence, a solid mass of dust rose twenty feet in the air, and completely shut out the view for a hundred yards behind. By the time the strong breeze had carried it away there was another cloud to take its place.

And in this manner the official Canadian debut of the automobile was accomplished. The auto. will develop gradually; it will become less noisy and dirty; its breath will not be so noticeable; it will become cheaper and will be harnessed to ordinary day labour, and then after a few more great industrial expositions have come and gone we will have Prof. Upintheairski coming here in connection with the Airship Club's first annual races, to Niagara and back, incidentally proving beyond any reasonable doubt that the superb mechanical construction, the compactness and durability, and speed of the ship built by the Canadian Amalgamated Flying Machine Company is hard to beat this side of the half-way house on the road to Mars.



JACKO'S JEOPARDY

ILLUSTRATED BY EMILY HAND

By ERIE WATERS

DON'T fret about the child, Elsie; set your mind at rest," said John Willoughby. "Emily and I will take him home with us and ask Mary's Alice to visit us too, so that he will not be lonely; and Emily says to let him bring his monkey."

"Oh, thank you, John; you have taken a load off my mind," and the sick woman smiled gratefully at her big brother. "Emily is indeed kind to say that he may take Jacko; he might miss both 'Mummy' and 'monkey.'"

Theo's father was in the navy and far away at sea, and his mother so ill that the doctor said she must go to a hospital to be quite cured.

"It will be a good chance to undo some of Elsie's spoiling," Mrs. Willoughby had said to her husband. "Theo is a dear little fellow; but has been petted too much."

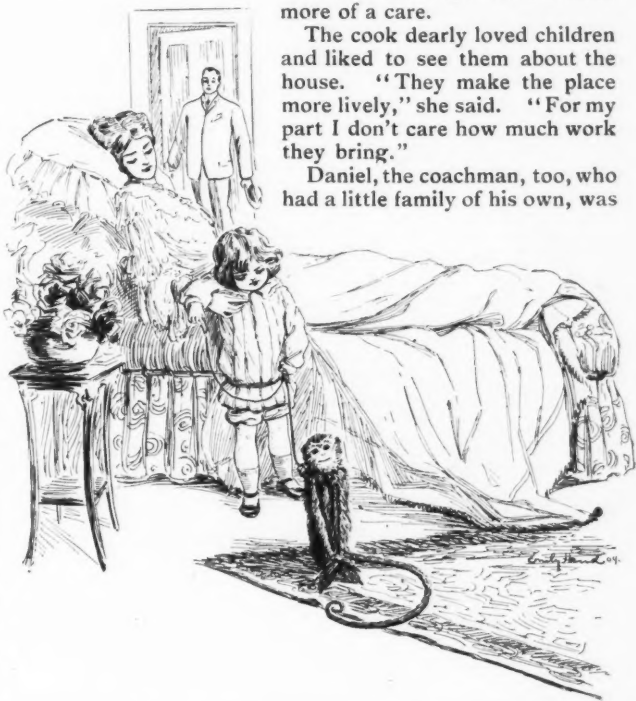
Mr. and Mrs. Willoughby had no children of their own, but were very kind to many nephews and nieces, giving them fine presents at Christmas and delightful visits in their lovely country place. Theo and Alice were soon quite at home, and after an hour's lessons in the morning rode

the pony or played about the grounds. Jacko was often their companion, but part of the time he was chained in Theo's room because some of the people in the house were afraid of him. The monkey had been given to Theo's father by a sailor whose life he had saved at the risk of his own, and it would have made the poor man feel hurt had his gift been refused.

It was really very kind of Aunt Emily to give the children such a nice visit because she was accustomed to having everything orderly in her house, and had her own duties and visits to take up her time. Not being accustomed to children, she made them more of a care.

The cook dearly loved children and liked to see them about the house. "They make the place more lively," she said. "For my part I don't care how much work they bring."

Daniel, the coachman, too, who had a little family of his own, was



"And Emily says to let him bring his monkey"



"Oh you naughty children! Fido never breaks anything."

very patient in teaching them to ride the pony. But Minnie, Mrs. Willoughby's maid, was not pleased, and she had a perfect hatred for Jacko, who terrified her. All went well, however, until Alice grew restless, for she was older than her cousin, and a vigorous little sprite who could not keep out of mischief.

One day—one dreadful day—everything had gone wrong. Aunt Emily had a poodle who was a great pet. Theo and Alice were playing on the verandah when a tramp came up the gravel drive. The little dog, who hated ragged folk, dashed out of the open French window of the drawing-room, barking furiously and, in his frenzy, knocking over a little table and breaking a lovely ornament. The noise brought Aunt Emily and Minnie to the spot.

"Who has done this?" they asked.

"Fido did it trying to get at the tramp," they cried with one voice.

"Fido! Oh, you naughty children! Fido never breaks anything. Tell the truth now; do not throw the blame on poor little Fido."

But alas for the innocents! The more they explained and denied, the

more guilty they looked—the redder their little faces grew. They had never seen Aunt Emily so angry before, and when she refused to believe them and told Minnie to take them to the playroom and not let them out again till teatime, they went sadly upstairs, a most unhappy, homesick little pair. The afternoon was long and miserable.

"Hateful mean things!" Alice muttered, for it was very hard to be blamed unjustly; "I want to go home, so I do."

Theo was very sorry for his little playmate, and was almost crying too.

"Never mind, Allie," he said, "it would be much worse if we did tell the lie; but I am afraid Auntie will never b'lieve us again."

It was late when Minnie, with a very cross face, came in with a tea-tray which she put on the table with a bang.

"Now you've made your kind aunt sick with your naughtiness," she said. "She's got an awful headache. I wish you were both at home; no one wants you here. Your horrid monkey nearly frightened me to death, jumping out when I went to your room—the little demon! I'm going to get

Daniel to drown him in the pond to-night, and everyone will be glad."

"Oh! please don't; please, Minnie! I'll give you all the money in my money-box when I get home. I won't let him hurt you," cried Theo, in great distress.

The girl had no intention of carrying out her threat, but the child believed firmly that his pet was to die. It was his turn to cry now, and Allie's to comfort.

"Let's run away to my mother, and save him," she said.

"How could we? We have no money to go on the cars."

Then Allie put on her thinking-cap and great plans were made. Uncle was away—Auntie was sick—nobody wanted them—it could be done. Jacko, dear little Jacko, should not be drowned.

Early in the evening, Minnie, repenting of her bad temper, looked in to help the children undress, and brought a big plateful of cookies. To her surprise, she saw Theo in his little room next the play-room, apparently sound asleep, and Allie in her bed in the big room, also with close-shut eyes. She lowered the blinds quietly, put down the cookies, and went back to the kitchen to chat with the gardener.

Presently, when all was still, out popped Alice, arrayed in a faded cotton dress, torn in several places—a large coloured handkerchief was tied on her head in Italian fashion. The other little schemer joined her—in his shabbiest suit and a torn straw hat, with a red ribbon tied around his throat—and Jacko led by a strong cord. Each carried a little bundle, one filled with cookies and the food they had saved from their tea.



JACKO FRIGHTENS MINNIE

Allie had decided that since they had so little money they must walk to her home—some thirty miles away.

"We'll be wandering minstrels," she had decreed, "and with Jacko we can earn enough to buy food, and we'll get home at last."

When all was ready they took their shoes in their hands, and carrying Jacko, slipped softly downstairs and out into the moon-lit night. How queer and lonely it felt to be creeping out of Uncle's house like this! Nevertheless fear for poor Jacko's life blotted out every other thought. Love for the pet lent courage to their

hearts. Reaching the road, they ran for some distance till well out of sight of the house.

"Wait! there comes a carriage—quick!" cried Allie, and into a ditch they jumped, and crouched down in the shadow as it went past. On and on they went through the night. Terror often seized Alice through fear that a tramp might be lurking near, and every sound was a fresh alarm. Still Jacko must be saved; it would be too awful to have him killed. At last when their little legs refused to carry them farther, they saw an old haystack in a field, and finding a hollow space at the foot, they pulled away a little hay, and cuddling in, covered themselves with branches and hay, till they were nicely hidden. They ate some cookies and soon fell fast asleep.

When they wakened the sun was just rising, so they thought it time to move on. They washed their faces and hands at a little stream, and Alice gave her own and Theo's hair a hasty combing.

"Minstrels must not look too tidy," she said.

"We had better hurry before they come after us," Theo said. They hid behind bushes or fences when they heard the sound of wheels. Near a farm-house they saw a girl in a field, milking a cow. She looked up in surprise to see children and a monkey. They stood still before her; then out came a mouth-organ from Theo's pocket, and Allie's voice rang out sweetly on the morning air, in a pretty jingle that she had learned at school; while Jacko scampered merrily around them.

"Well, I never!" exclaimed the girl. "Where did you spring from?"

"We are minstrels," was the reply. "We get pennies for singing. We will not ask you for any, if you will please give us some milk." Theo held out his own little mug that he had strapped by his side, and it was soon filled with foaming milk. The young woman made them drink as much as they could, and asked them to come to the farm-house and "sing

for the folks." They thanked her, but said they must hurry on.

Oh! the troubles and trials of that long day! The narrow escapes they had hiding under bushes, in the corn-fields, or in the high grass; the terrible fright when a great dog jumped out at them and attacked Jacko; but Jacko—to their great joy—sprang on the dog's back and clawed him so fiercely that he ran for his life. Some people were kind; some were cross; some gave them pennies and food.

II

Mrs. Willoughby's head ached badly all night—when our little runaways were getting far from home. In the morning she felt quite well, and began to wonder if she had been too severe with the children. Perhaps, after all, they were speaking the truth. "I never found Allie cowardly or untruthful, in spite of her mischievous ways," she thought. Presently Minnie tapped at the door, showing a white, frightened face.

"I can't find the children high or low, Ma'am; and Daniel, he's looked everywhere, too. They've run away for sure, and Jacko has gone, too."

As quickly as possible Mrs. Willoughby joined in the search, but no trace could be found.

"I never saw them since yesterday," said the gardener, "when the tramp came up to the house. I had my eye on him, and so had Fido, for I saw him jump out of the window, breaking something in his haste; he's that mad when he sees a tramp."

"Oh! Minnie, do you hear that?" cried Mrs. Willoughby. "Daniel saw Fido break the ornament, and we accused those poor children wrongly. Poor little things! where can they be?"

Evening came, and still no tidings of the lost ones. Aunt Emily was frantic, and Minnie heart-broken.

"I may as well tell the truth, Ma'am," she sobbed. "It's all my fault. I told them I'd get Daniel to drown Jacko in the pond. They've just run away to save him."

III

It was two days later when a dear old lady, who was sitting in her parlour in a pretty village, heard the sound of a mouth-organ, and a sweet, childish voice singing. Looking out, she saw a shabby little boy and girl, and a playful monkey. Something attracted her strongly to them. They looked tired and dusty. When the song was finished the monkey came bounding up with a little mug in his paws. The old lady put some money in it, and then called the little ones up. Questioning them, Allie—for, of course it was Allie—answered that they had come a long distance.

"Are we far from Benton, now?" she asked.

"You are tired, you poor little things, and it is a long distance," the old lady said. "You must be hungry, too."

"Hungry!" thought Alice, "nearly starved," but nothing would make her say so.

Making the children sit down on some cushions on the steps, the lady disappeared, presently returning with the maid, who carried a tray of good things. She watched

the cold chicken and bread and butter disappear quickly, but noted that these were no tramps—their voices and "table-manners" were too good for that. They fed Jacko, too, and Theo kept him close beside him. Alice thanked the old lady very politely, and said good-bye.

"I don't know what to think of those children," the old lady said to her daughter. "I wish you had seen them. They are no ordinary tramps. Depend upon it, there is a mystery. I

doubt if I did right to let them go. Come with me, dear; let us get our hats and follow them," she urged.

They walked down the road till they came to a grove, and there they saw them—Allie sitting against a tree, with tears falling down her cheeks, the little boy, with a flushed face, lying beside her, his head pillowed in her lap. Coming up quietly, the kind

women sat down beside them.

"Is he sick?" one asked.

"He's so tired," Allie answered; "he says he can't walk any more; his feet hurt. He's so little, you see." Then, listening to the sweet, kind voices—looking up at the gentle face, brave Allie burst out crying:—

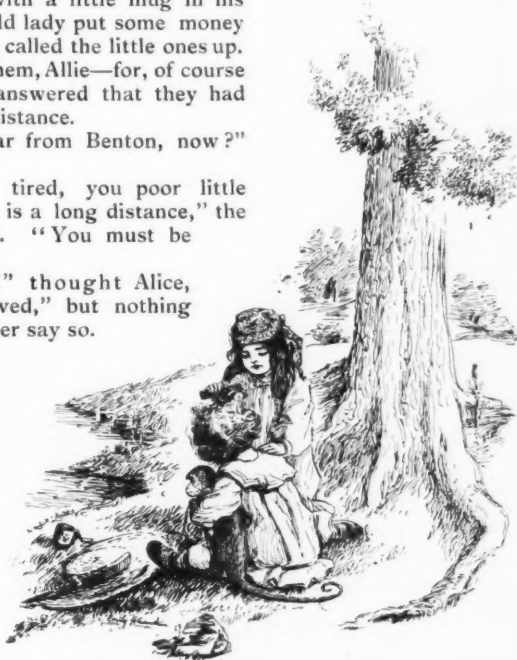
"I wish we were home. Oh! why did we run away?

But we had to save Jacko."

Then Theo opened his eyes, looking trustingly at their new friends.

"Tell me who you are, children, and where are your friends, and we will make it right."

Before they would tell, the children begged that they would promise that no one should hurt Jacko. At last the whole truth came out—of the nights in the lonely fields, and all their fears. But when Theo told his name, and that his father was away at sea, the



"Minstrels must not look too tidy," said Alice.



"Bless your precious heart! I know your papa well."

dear old lady looked again, and took the little boy in her arms and kissed him many times.

"Bless your precious heart! I know your papa well. His mother was my dearest friend, and he looked just like you when he was a little boy."

They took the weary wanderers home, bathed them, and put them to bed. Telegrams were sent at once to relieve the terrible anxiety of Alice's parents and Uncle and Aunt. The morning found them at the good lady's door, to rejoice over the lit-

tle minstrels and to take them back.

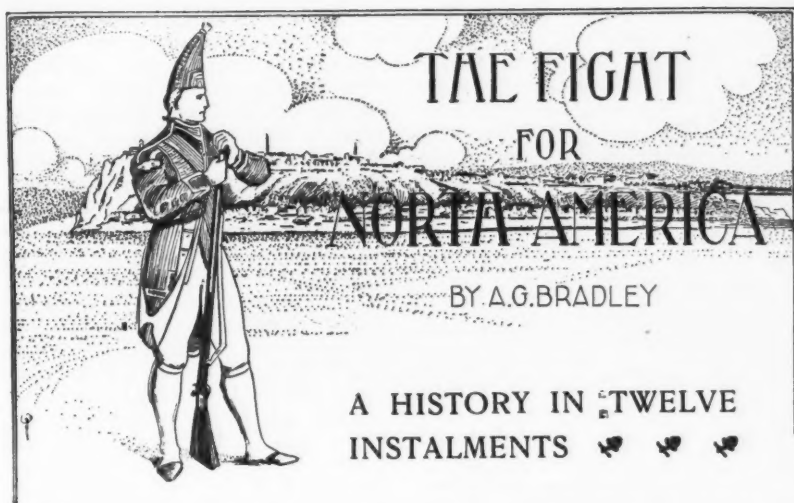
The news of Theo's disappearance had been kept from his mother because of her illness. The children had been home but an hour when—to the great joy of everyone—a carriage drove up to the door, and who should appear but Captain Turner, Theo's father—safe home from sea—and the dear invalid mother, very weak and pale, but getting well at last. How thankful—how very thankful everyone was that their arrival had not been one day sooner!



TRANSFORMATION

BY WILLIAM J. FISCHER

AT dawn, I gazed into an opening rose,
 Its pure, young soul was steeped in pearly dew;
 At dusk, again, my sinking heart drew near,
 When, lo! there flowered Love's white thoughts of—You.



CHAPTER IX—BRADSTREET CAPTURES FRONTENAC—FORBES LEADS AN EXPEDITION AGAINST FORT DUQUESNE—DEFEAT OF GRANT AND HIGHLANDERS NEAR THE FORT—POST, THE MORAVIAN MISSIONARY—FORBES OCCUPIES FORT DUQUESNE—HIS DEATH—1758.

PITT took the disaster of July 8th sorely to heart. His friends endeavoured to console him by pointing out the valour and the spirit which had animated the soldiers, even to the last moment of their hopeless attempt ; but the failure, summed up in facts and figures, was outside consolation. Happily the news of Louisbourg followed so quickly on that of Ticonderoga, that both Pitt and the British people, save those who mourned their dead, were soon buoyed up again on the high tide of hope. Loud was the outcry in America against the hapless Abercromby, as he sat down again, at the head of Lake George, with his 13,000 men, raised, fed, and transported at such pains and cost. He has since had his defenders for thus retiring, after so severe a rebuff, on his base of supplies ; but to all the critics in his own army, whose views survive, it seemed sheer poltroonery. The 9,000 provincial troops who had been conveyed to the scene of action and brought back again almost intact,

sounded the loudest note of indignation, save, perhaps, that of the provincial taxpayers. The General, however, does not seem to have suffered from an over sensitive temperament, and he quietly set about intrenching his front, upon the site of Fort William Henry ; and, without any apparent sense of humiliation, exchanged his former rôle of an irresistible invader of Canada to that of the defender of a threatened frontier. His army, no doubt, thanks only to himself, was greatly shaken in morale, but it was still enormously superior to that of Montcalm, who could not believe that he would be left unmolested. As time passed on, however, and it became evident to the French that no attack on Quebec by Amherst was likely, men were crowded down to Ticonderoga, and before the commander-in-chief was free to support Abercromby, Montcalm had troops enough and intrenchments enough to make his eviction a matter of such serious difficulty that all thoughts of it were given up. The doings of Abercromby and his disheartened men

this autumn need not detain us. They occupied the old lines of defence and communication from Lake George across the fourteen mile carrying-place to Fort Edward, and thence down the scattered forts upon the banks of the Hudson. A single sloop, flying the British flag, and carrying six of the guns which had made that incompleted pilgrimage to Ticonderoga, cruised about Lake George undisputed mistress of that mimic sea.

The passing of provision convoys from port to port, for the use of Abercromby's inactive army, gave Montcalm's Rangers, slipping up Wood Creek from Lake Champlain into the British country, fine scope for their energies, while Rogers and Putnam, with their equally hardy and daring followers, were as active as their rivals, both in defence and attack. But the military machine as a whole remained immovable upon the lakes. Amherst's men, to the number of 3,000, landed at Boston from Louisbourg in September, and made a long march across the grain of a rough country to Fort Edward. It was too late, however, even in Amherst's opinion, seeing the great strength of the French, to make another attempt on Ticonderoga; and we may now leave the camps on the New York frontier to an autumn season of discontent. Gathering snowstorms and freezing waters in due course put an end to their unprofitable labours, and sent them into winter quarters to glean what consolation they might from the better fortune of their comrades at Louisbourg, and in two other quarters which must now be dealt with.

Before consigning poor Abercromby to the oblivion which ensued upon his recall—the best fate, indeed, he could have hoped for—it should be said to his credit that he consented to a scheme, and supplied the troops for it, which was entirely successful, and materially helped the triumph at Louisbourg to counterbalance the disaster on Lake George. Bradstreet, whose acquaintance we have already made, was the hero of the enterprise.

He was a New Englander, had served as a captain in the former war, and as lieutenant-colonel of provincials had done yeoman service in this one. In the management of bateaux, whaleboats, and canoes, and of the men who manned them—a vital department of these campaigns—he had no rival. He was, moreover, a brave and enterprising soldier, equally at home in the forest, in the open plain, or on the surging rapid. He was somewhat contemptuous of European generals and their deliberate tactics, but was on good terms with all the British commanders, and greatly valued by them, as indeed he may well have been, for he was of infinite service to the British cause. He received a royal commission, and died eventually a Major-General in the English army. If the gratitude of a country is to be estimated by its biographical literature, it has forgotten Bradstreet, as it has forgotten many another man, who laid his country and his race under a lasting debt in the wild woods of eighteenth century America.

Bradstreet had for a long time kept his eye on Frontenac, that important half-way station between Montreal and the remoter western forts. It was a depot of supply, too, for these, as well as for the new garrisons in the Ohio valley. He had urged Loudon in the preceding autumn, when his operations had all failed, to let him make a dash upon this vital French position, but Loudon was nothing if not cautious, and had refused. Poor Abercromby, however, grasping at anything which promised some mitigation of his affairs, listened readily to the renewed applications of Bradstreet, after the failure at Ticonderoga, and gave him 3,000 men, all of them from the provincial militia except 200 regulars, and 300 bateau men and 70 Indians. Bradstreet had got word that Frontenac was denuded of its usually strong garrison, which had been withdrawn by Vaudreuil to strengthen the only part of Canada now supposed to be in danger, namely, that threatened by Abercromby's army.

Bradstreet's only line of attack was, of course, up the old western route by the Mohawk valley, to the site of the vanished Oswego, on Lake Ontario. Up this long toilsome track by lake, rapid and portage, the New England colonel and his bateau men pressed their way with ready and familiar steps, the colonial soldiers marching none the less cheerfully, though suffering much from sickness, now that they were under one of their own leaders. They passed General Stanwix, who was busy erecting the great fort at the Oneida watershed that was to bear his name, and on the 22nd of August stood beside the ruins of Oswego, looking out over the blue waves of Lake Ontario, to the shoreless horizon, behind which lay the still virgin forests of Western Canada. Great numbers of Bradstreet's soldiers had dropped behind from sickness, but he had written Abercromby that if he had only a thousand left he would carry out his venture. He had much more than a thousand, though, as it turned out, he hardly needed so many. Launching his bateaux and whaleboats upon the lake, he had, in four days, landed his men and guns within sight of Fort Frontenac, and on the following morning had a battery mounted within point blank range of the enemy's walls, and the garrison at his mercy. The great French station, key of the west, master of Lake Ontario, and feeder of the Ohio forts that had been for so long decimating the English frontier, had indeed been caught napping. Resistance was hopeless, as a few discharges of artillery soon made evident. There were only a hundred men in the fort, with their women and children, and they promptly surrendered, but it was crammed with stores. The prisoners were allowed to go to Montreal on parole, on the understanding that their equivalent in British captives should be forwarded to Albany. The commandant was one Payan de Noyan, an aged gentleman of family and considerable culture, but of greatly impaired means, the recuperation of which was, indeed, the immediate cause of his exile in the

backwoods, for it will be remembered that a Canadian fort was given to favourites, or deserving officers, for this dubious purpose.

This gallant old versifier and scientist, for he was both, heard of Bradstreet's intentions, at an early date, from friendly Indians, and resented being thus caught like a rat in a trap. Vaudreuil, in answer to his earnest solicitation for troops, sent him one man as an adviser, and he with but one arm! Upon which de Noyan, for there was yet plenty of time, begged to be relieved of his honours. Vaudreuil put him off, insinuating, at the same time, that his nerve must be failing. After the inevitable surrender, Vaudreuil bade him be of good cheer, and neither to worry himself, nor take the trouble to draw up formal reports, for that he would explain the whole matter to the court of France. Vaudreuil, who was, in fact, wholly responsible for the fall of Frontenac, did explain matters, but after his own characteristic fashion, giving the king to understand that age had impaired de Noyan's energies; in short, that he had played the coward. The poor old gentleman, who, if he did plunder his king, could not rest under the imputation, certainly an unjust one, of being backward in fighting for him, went to France and craved for a hearing, but to no purpose. Perhaps it was a just judgment on his speculations, though Vaudreuil seems hardly a fitting instrument for Providential chastisement. Thus was Canada governed in her hour of need, and indeed for a very long time previous to it.

The booty taken and destroyed at Frontenac was very great, and the loss to the French, they themselves declared, was worse than that of a battle. There were nine vessels, carrying over a hundred guns, most of which were burned, together with the fort itself, and everything inside it that could not be moved. Sixty pieces of artillery were carried away, besides an immense amount of valuable furs, stores and provisions, valued at nearly a million livres. Bradstreet, to crown the hon-

our of his achievement, refused any share in the booty, his portion being divided among his troops.

It should be remembered that the base, or the Canadian side, of the triangle, on which the whole conduct of this war necessarily ran, was a line along which movement was, for the most part, easy, namely, the St. Lawrence river. The two routes of attack, diverging from Albany, on the other hand, were, as we know, full of obstacles. The French could move comparatively swiftly and without fear of molestation along their line of defence. Hence the prestige earned by Bradstreet in traversing the Mohawk route with such destructive expedition and taking them by surprise. Three thousand Frenchmen had started from Montreal at the last moment, but had only reached the Lachine rapids when they heard that Frontenac, like its old rival Oswego, was no more. Later on there was some slight attempt made to restore it, but misfortunes soon crowded thick on the French, and the spot was ultimately abandoned to the wilderness, which for a generation held its tangled fields and blackened ruins in its grip. Thirty years later a band of refugee loyalists, expelled by force, or urged by patriotic fervour, from the new republic of the United States, gathered at the old fort of Frontenac, drew lots for the newly surveyed lands around it and founded the province of Upper Canada, better known to-day as Ontario. The important lakeside town of Kingston now covers the site both of the old French warehouses and batteries, and the fresh wheat and turnip fields of the United Empire loyalists; it has always been, and appropriately so, the headquarters of Canadian military life. Oswego, its old opponent across the lake, has gone through no less of a transformation. Covered with streets and squares, and flanked with leafy villas, it is a place of much repute.

"Frontenac is a great stroke," wrote Wolfe with much enthusiasm when he heard of it. "An offensive, daring kind of war will awe the Indians and ruin the French."

Bradstreet had, as a matter of fact, struck awe into the Indians in the very nick of time, had Wolfe, far away at Cape Breton, only known it. The fall of Louisbourg had influenced them but little; it was too remote. Ticonderoga, on the other hand, had shaken the fidelity of the Six Nations so seriously that Bradstreet found evidence to show that they had never before been so near a wholesale defection to the French. The capture of Frontenac had effectually put a stop to this. It had also destroyed the source whence Fort Duquesne, whither we are now bound, drew its stores and ammunition, and greatly contributed to its fall.

Abercromby was recalled in November, and Amherst took his place as commander-in-chief in America. It was some twenty years later, in the gloomy period of the Revolutionary War, that North uttered his memorable wail, "I don't know whether the enemy are afraid of my generals, I only know that the very sound of their names makes me shiver." George the Second up till now might well have anticipated the sentiment of his grandson's minister; but a change was coming. The Loudons, the Abercrombys, the Webbs, and the Sackvilles, disappeared for a time to crop up again, in another generation and in a slightly altered form, upon this very ground. In the meantime, we must turn south and see how Forbes fared in his arduous march across the Alleghanies to Fort Duquesne.

John Forbes was a Scotsman, of Petincrief in Fife. He received his first commission in the year 1710, and must therefore have been some sixty-four years of age. He had been colonel both of the Scots Greys and the 17th Foot, and was now, with the rank of brigadier, eminently qualified in all respects but age perhaps and health to justify Pitt's choice. He had been a year in America, and in April arrived at Philadelphia with much the same task before him, though better equipped for it, as had confronted Braddock three years previously when bound for

the same goal. Of regular troops he was to have the 62nd, or Montgomery's, Highlanders, 1,260 strong; a battalion of Royal Americans (60th), 363, and 4,350 provincials. He had not, however, got them yet. Indeed, Forbes had not only to play the soldier and the organiser, but the diplomatist as well, having to haggle and wrangle with the Pennsylvania burgesses, while they, on their part, seized the opportunity of military requirements to reopen the old congenial squabble touching the taxation of the Penns.

Now Forbes was a man of liberal and enlightened views. It is admitted on all sides that he had none of the hauteur and superciliousness in his treatment of the provincial officers that distinguished so many of his contemporaries, and worked such infinite and far-reaching mischief; he was regarded, moreover, by all classes with profound respect. His comments, therefore, on the fashion in which the middle and southern colonies went about releasing themselves from the clutch of the enemy and provided for their future development, will be above suspicion. Pennsylvania made a really heroic effort, and out of a population of 260,000 provided 2,500 men. Maryland, which was in the line of attack, with a population of near a hundred thousand, and a social order based on the ownership of slaves and land, contributed 270 very indifferent soldiers. Virginia surpassed herself, and gave Forbes two regiments, comprising in all some 1,400 men.

Forbes, admittedly a cool and impartial judge, was extremely dissatisfied with these levies. Of discipline they were all impatient, and only a portion of them had any qualities wherewith to make up the deficiency. Numbers of them came with damaged firelocks bound up with string; some had not even this much, but walking sticks only with which to oppose the French! "Their officers," said Forbes, "except a few of the higher ranks, are an extremely bad collection of broken inn-keepers, horse-jockeys, and Indian traders." Where, again may be per-

tinently asked, was the southern chivalry, the sons of the better-class planters and squires? Washington had, no doubt, been vainly asking this question in the last two years on the war-torn borders of Virginia. Now, when he joined Forbes with his increased regiments, he may well have asked it again. Virginia and Maryland had been far more cruelly scourged in their western districts than Natal, within recent memory, and by a still ruder and incomparably more cruel foe. The supremacy of the Anglo-Saxon in North America was as clearly the issue of the struggle as it is to-day in South Africa. Yet scarcely a dozen men of birth and character came forward to fight out of two whole colonies, whose numerous gentry was their pride and is still the chief burden of their reminiscent literature. Even if two or three or four dozen just such men could be produced, in the face of the social statistics of these provinces, it would scarcely modify the situation. As I remarked in a former chapter—and the strangeness of the matter must be my excuse for mentioning it again—neither love of country, nor thoughts of their murdered countrymen, nor the ordinary martial ardour of youth, nor the prospect of a well-organised and well-led campaign against their two implacable enemies, seem to have had the least effect in drawing the Virginians and Marylanders from their comfortable homes. With such men as we are told formed the bulk of the fifty or sixty commissioned officers from these colonies, it is not surprising that Washington stood a little on his dignity, and intimated at headquarters that he would "gladly be distinguished from the common run of provincial officer," whom he goes on to characterise as a "motley herd." The rank and file were poor men, more lawless and less tolerant of discipline and of a lower social stamp than the men of the New England regiments. Some of them were admirable bush fighters, but others were of no use at all, which was natural enough, seeing the varied districts and occupations

from which they came, and the various motives which caused them to enlist.

Forbes had for his chief colleagues: Bouquet, the able Swiss officer who commanded the Royal Americans, and Sir John Sinclair, who had been with Braddock as quartermaster-general, and was to be so again, though generally disliked and not over-capable. Montgomery was in command of the Highlanders, while Washington and two experienced and tried Virginia soldiers, Colonel Byrd and Major Lewis, the latter then and afterwards a famous Indian fighter, represented the provincials.

Now arose a sharp controversy as to the best route to Fort Duquesne. Braddock's road started, it will be remembered, from Port Cumberland, on the Potomac, and here Washington with his Virginians was now quartered. But the Pennsylvanians and the whole interest of that colony were in favour of cutting a new road, which would make the actual wilderness part of the march only 90 miles, instead of 122, as before. This difference of opinion was heavily biassed, too, by other considerations. Braddock's road, rough as it had been at the best, had fallen into disrepair, but it was the outlet of Virginia trade to the West, or was expected to be, and the gorge of intercolonial jealousy rose at the notion of the Pennsylvanians having a direct route cut for their traders at the expense of the British Government. This, I need hardly say, was not one of the arguments openly put forward upon either side. These were, indeed, numerous and admirable, and to their respective advocates seemed conclusive, though we need not enlarge upon them. It will be sufficient to remark that Washington, probably from sincere conviction, strongly championed the Virginian side of the question, and predicted disaster if the alternative route was followed; while Forbes and Bouquet inclined to, and ultimately adopted, the Pennsylvania scheme. In justice to Washington, it should be added that he promised to render all

the assistance in his power whether his advice were taken or rejected.

The dispute and ill-feeling, however, between the two colonies ran very high, and added greatly to Forbes's troubles in providing transport, guns and provisions. Philadelphia was a far different kind of base from the plantation villages upon which poor Braddock had to lean, and Pennsylvania, though as a colony conspicuously pacific, was eminently business-like, and comparatively well supplied with the necessities of life and industry. Lastly, it was urged that a new road might spring a surprise on the French at Fort Duquesne, as indeed de Lévis tells us it actually did, though the surprise was not effective.

Bedford, then called Reastown, was the advanced base of action. Thence by the new route, which crossed no large rivers as did the other one, it was ninety miles to Dusquesne. But every yard of it was rough, and it climbed the same ranges as Braddock's road, somewhat to the northward, and if anything at more difficult points. Advanced parties were sent forward to make the roads under cover of redoubts, and Forbes's plan was to erect these at intervals, so that he could strike his final blow with a permanent chain of posts in his rear, and obviate all risk of that unparalleled stampede of over a hundred miles, which made Braddock's disaster so memorable.

It was not till the end of July that the route was definitely decided upon, and Bouquet then went forward to superintend the road-making.

But with all his energy the progress of the Swiss officer was abnormally slow, for there were 6,000 men this time to convey across the Alleghanies, with guns and ammunition, and an immense transport. Virginia, too, though incapable of furnishing supplies, and whose better people would not fight, was nevertheless raging at the favours supposed to be shown to Pennsylvania. The latter certainly exhibited little gratitude for them, according to Forbes, who thus writes to Bouquet:—

"I have seen with regret this some time past a jealousy and suspicion subsisting on the part of the Virginians, which they can have no reason for, as I believe neither you nor I value one farthing where we get provisions from, provided we are supplied, or interest ourselves either with Virginia or Pennsylvania; which last I hope will be damned for their treatment of us in the matter of waggons and every other thing where they could profit by us, as from these impositions, although at the risk of our perdition."

Carlisle was the village to which the Indian war of the last three years had thrust back the Pennsylvania frontier. Here Forbes remained during August, prostrate with the illness that was soon to kill him, and managing matters in the rear to the best of his ability, while Bouquet, far in advance, hewed his slow way over mountain and through swamp. Matters progressed wearily, but surely. First came the news of Louisbourg, and shortly after that of Frontenac, to cheer the workers. It only now remained for them to achieve a third triumph on the Ohio, but the country offered great difficulties to the engineers, while at the same time, an idea of permanency for the road and its defences had always to be kept in view. A post called Loyalhannon, nearly fifty miles short of Fort Duquesne, was the halfway station around which events now circulated for many weeks. The French Indians in front began, at this point, to get troublesome and aggressive, and Major Grant of Montgomery's Highlanders made a proposition to Bouquet that was unfortunately accepted, though the gallant and impetuous officer's experience of backwoods warfare was of the slightest.

The whole method of Forbes's advance through the wilderness was to make such progress only as was consistent with security. The object for which Grant was running this risk is not very obvious, and one is only surprised that Bouquet allowed him to take it. His idea was to make a reconnais-

sance of the fort and ascertain by capturing stragglers or other means what force there was inside it. But Forbes's plans, if once he got there, supported as he was by so large a following, were calculated to succeed in the face of any force at all likely to be present, and the British had provisions for three months.

However that may be, Grant started from the advanced camp at Loyalhannon early in September with 750 men—Highlanders, Royal Americans, and a picked body of provincials under Lewis. They reached the high ridge looking immediately down upon the fort upon the 13th without adventure, after night had fallen. From the same spot to-day a vast arena of belching flame, the smoke, the tumult, and the din of a second Birmingham, would greet the eyes of the spectator; but Grant and his men looked dimly down through forest trees and saw only the feeble lights of a lonely fortress, the broad sheen of the Monongahela, and elsewhere a wide world of shadowy woodland beneath a moonless but starlit sky.

So far there was great uncertainty as to the strength of the garrison. Indians had told Bouquet that it was at least equal to that of the British. Grant, however, had conceived the notion that it was a mere handful of five or six hundred men. Grant, as it so happened, was nearer the truth, and a week or two sooner would have been nearer still; but reinforcements had quite recently arrived, and there seem to have been now some fifteen hundred men within the ramparts, besides Indians encamped without them.

De Ligneris, whom we have met before, was in command, and de Vaudreuil seems to have imagined, thanks, of course, to his personal exertions, that the fort was secure from all attack. About two in the morning, Lewis, with a detachment of Virginians and Highlanders, was ordered down into the plain to attack the Indians, supposed to be encamped before the fort, and then feigning a retreat, to draw them out to an ambush

where Grant and the rest of the party were to give them a warm reception.

Lewis was an accomplished frontiersman and belonged to a well-known fighting family of the Virginia border, one of the few men after Washington's own heart; but on this occasion he got into sad trouble. Grant and his men waited in vain for the sound of his attack, and at last, as the first streak of day was showing, the Highland officer was thrown into a state of rage and consternation at the return of the whole party, who had lost their way amid the woods and fenced enclosures which surrounded the fort and fallen into hopeless confusion. Half Lewis's force were Highlanders new to bush fighting. If Grant had sent the pick of the provincials with him, the result perhaps might have been otherwise; but it is not likely in any case to have been substantial, for Grant had underestimated the garrison, and still continued to do so. One object of the expedition was to sketch the fort, but the fog at dawn was so thick as to disconcert for a time plans of any kind. Presently, however, it began to clear, and Grant, still under the impression that the French were too weak to venture a serious sortie, made his dispositions.

From the ridge where the British were posted they could see the Alleghany on their right and the Monongahela on their left, sweeping to their confluence immediately below and in front of them. In the angle of the meeting rivers, whose mingling waters thenceforth became the Ohio, stood the famous fort and the numerous rude buildings within and without its lines. The half-mile or so of flat land on the hither side was cleared, fenced, and partly cultivated to the edge of the descending ridges, which were clothed with forest. It was now about seven o'clock, and Grant, retaining a few of his own regiment with him, despatched his Highlanders under Captain Macdonald to take post in the open on the left front of the fort, and a hundred Pennsylvanians on the right. Lewis he sent back with some

Royal Americans and Virginians to reinforce Captain Bullitt of the latter, who, with fifty men, was guarding the baggage about a mile to the rear. Lewis had orders to stay there as a support for the attacking party in case of need.

The French all this time appeared to be unaware of the presence of an enemy; so Grant, by way of stirring them up to the reality of the fact, proceeded to blow lively airs upon his bugles. He soon found that he had aroused them to some purpose; for while the Highland officers were busy sketching the fort, French and Indians, to the number of seven or eight hundred, came pouring out of it, some of the former in their hurry not having even stopped to dress. Their attack was directed against the Highlanders, who, reinforced by Grant, made for a time a gallant stand, the Pennsylvanians having retired with some precipitancy into the woods. Fresh bodies of French came crowding out of the fort, till Grant's vanguard was in great distress, being attacked upon all sides. Captain Macdonald and other officers were killed, and the soldiers were forced back into the forest, where for nearly an hour they maintained the unequal fight. At last they could hold out no longer; it was their first fight in woods ringing with the horrid clamour of Indian warfare, and when they did give way it was in a wild panic, as Grant himself admits. His only hope now lay in Lewis, who was stationed, as he thought, with Bullitt behind the wooded ridge. But Lewis had heard the battle raging, and on his own responsibility had pressed forward to Grant's aid. Unhappily he took a different route in his advance over the ridge to that which Grant followed in his quick retreat, so when the latter reached his base, hotly pursued by the enemy, he found to his horror no support there but Bullitt and his fifty Virginians. Here they were surrounded, and made a final and gallant stand. Grant refused to retire. "My heart is broke," he cried; "I will not survive this day." He was

recognised by the French, who called to him repeatedly by name to give himself up; but the rash and luckless officer continued to fight till he was almost alone, when he was disarmed and captured alive. The small band of Virginians with Bullitt fought heroically, and were all killed except such as escaped by swimming the Alleghany river. Lewis had in the meantime run into the very jaws of the French, and he was also made prisoner. Nearly three hundred men were killed, drowned, or taken. The remaining four hundred and fifty straggled back to Loyalhannon with a precipitancy that after all, when once they had started, was the only sensible course, since fifty miles of shaggy wilderness lay between them and their next meal.

Forbes, stretched upon a bed of sickness at Reastown, and with troubles enough already on hand, received the news like the chivalrous gentleman he was, and called no names, when many and hard ones might well have been looked for by Grant, who was solely responsible. In a private letter to Bouquet, however, he permitted himself some little indulgence in this respect. "My friend Grant most certainly lost his wits, and by his thirst of fame brought on his own perdition and ran great risk of ours."

In October, while the British column still lay at Loyalhannon, de Ligneris advanced against it in considerable force. He was not strong enough to actually face the British guns and entrenchments, but he caught several stragglers and destroyed numbers of cattle, and caused Bouquet infinite annoyance. Washington, who had been at Fort Cumberland, at the other end of Braddock's road, all this time, with the other Virginia regiment, now joined the army and took command of the provincials.

Autumn on the Atlantic slope of North America is of all seasons the most stimulating and delightful. Rain, as a rule, falls sparingly or in short spells, and nature, decked in a raiment gorgeous beyond dreams, and rarely ruffled by storm or tempest,

slumbers in balmy silence beneath an azure sky. Poor Forbes, like Washington, upon nearly the same ground four years earlier, encountered, and in an even worse degree, one of those climatic exceptions that prove the rule. Rain fell persistently, and fell in torrents, while premature snow-storms filled his cup of misery to the brim. On the lower grounds the new-made road was impassable with liquid mud; on the mountain slopes the torrents swept it away as fast as it was made. Forage began to get scarce and the horses became poor and weak. The prospect, lately so hopeful, seemed now well-nigh desperate. Bouquet laboured hard against the warring elements, the miry swamps, the torrent-riven mountains, and with transport horses growing daily weaker. Forbes, whose indomitable will, rather than improving health, had forced him on to the soaking misery of Loyalhannon, still gave his orders in prison. Tortured with pain, and scarce able to stand, he would listen to no suggestions of abandoning the attempt or of himself returning to those comforts which were his only chance of life. It was now well on in November, and some of the Virginian officers, presumably the best authorities, declared further progress to be impossible, and showed such strong feeling that Forbes, unsupported by any following to speak of, called a council of war. The officers who composed this were good and tried men, and they were practically unanimous against any further advance. But Forbes, though a sobered and middle-aged soldier, had something of that inspired obstinacy which distinguished another and a greater, but a younger invalid, whom we have met at Louisbourg, and shall meet again at Quebec. Happily for the country and for the dying general's reputation—though posterity has cared little enough for that—he got news at this moment of a reduction in the garrison of the fort and that the Indians were deserting it. This settled the matter so far as Forbes was concerned, and he gave orders for twenty-

five hundred men to be quickly picked from the army for a rapid march, each man to carry a blanket and a few days' provisions.

Forbes's courage in urging a forward advance when men like Bouquet and Washington were against it, thoroughly deserved this piece of fortunate news, which made success so much more probable; nor was it by any means mere good luck, for oddly enough the causes that were thinning the defenders of Fort Duquesne were due in great part to this indomitable officer's precautions in the preceding summer. He had then strongly urged that the western Indians, who had so long been ravaging the frontiers of Pennsylvania and her Southern neighbours, under French instigation, should be approached by diplomacy as well as arms. The Indian was a good deal influenced by his stomach; the side that fed him best scored at least one very strong point, and the French were even thus early finding it necessary to husband their supplies. Spies and scouts brought news that discontent was already showing in the French camps on the Ohio. Forbes had a notion that these savage warriors, who ate bullocks by the hundred and drank brandy by the bucketful, might be detached from their patrons, now that the bullocks and the brandy were getting scarce, and that hints of British beef and perhaps British rum might save much bloodshed both in the army and on the frontier. The provincial authorities thought lightly of the scheme, and moreover grudged the expenditure. They regarded such suggestions as the theories of an Englishman without experience of savages. Nor, indeed, was it easy to find an ambassador to cross the Alleghanies, and run the gravest risk of death, and that by horrible torture, in the Indian villages, where English scalps were hanging by hundreds on the wigwam walls. Forbes, however, gained his point, and a man was found who would face the fate that seemed inevitable, and that, too, without reward. This hero was a Moravian

missionary, and a German, Post by name, a simple, pious person, but intimate with Indian ways and languages and married moreover to a converted squaw.

Post reached the Ohio villages in safety, and was received with tolerable civility, but his hosts insisted on taking him to Duquesne, that the French might also hear what he had to say. As his ostensible mission was to wean the Indians from the French alliance to those peaceful paths of which his order, the Moravians, were the chief exponents, it was not doubtful what the French would say, and little less so what they would do. As he was the guest of their allies they had to listen to Post, and did not venture to kill him openly, but behind every thicket they had an agent waiting to take his life, a large reward being privately offered for his scalp. With indomitable courage Post braved the whole thing out, and, wonderful to relate, with impunity. He had succeeded in persuading the Indians to send some delegates, at any rate, to a grand conference near Philadelphia, had shaken their allegiance to the French, and withal, though not without many hair-breadth escapes, got safe back again to civilisation. A great meeting was held during the early autumn, presided over by the Governor of Pennsylvania, to which Johnson brought delegates of the Six Nations from the Mohawk and whither also went some of the chiefs of the hostile Indians of the West. With much ceremony and a prodigious wealth of oratory, it was resolved that the Ohio tribes should bury the hatchet with the Six Nations, which was a step, at least, in the desired direction. Once more the brave Moravian faced the Alleghanies, and again harangued the Indian allies of France under the very eyes of the French themselves, and with such effect that the latter had to submit to the open insults of barbarians they could not afford to offend. Post again escaped safely, having done most valuable work, which was greatly aided by the scarcity of provisions, a condition due to Bradstreet's brilliant stroke at

Frontenac, the source of their supplies. So after an alliance of three years, a record of hideous and ceaseless slaughter, the Ohio Indians fell away from the French at the very moment when the gallant Forbes was pushing forward to reap the fruits of his earlier policy, that unknown to him had succeeded almost beyond hope. Swung on a rude litter between two horses, he was led in the van of his flying column through the snow and rain and falling leaves. The army moved in three divisions with caution and in open order, guided through the thick forest by the monotonous tapping of their own drums, which were beat without ceasing at the head of each company. Thinly clad, and with a single blanket to cover them at nights, the men pressed cheerily forward through the mysterious mazes of the woods, till on the 23rd of November the guides had brought them within twelve miles of the fort. Here the unexpected news was received that it had been abandoned. They halted a day to confirm the report, and on the 25th moved forward to find the backwoods fortress, so long the curse of British America, standing silent and deserted amid a fringe of fire-scorched ruins, and the unburied corpses of their own Highlanders who had fallen in Grant's attack. Thus fell, without a protest from rifle or cannon, the very stronghold and hope of French empire in the West, and the scourge of the British frontier.

It seems that de Ligneris, the French commander, had, some time before this, formed the opinion that an attack upon him was impossible before the following spring. His Indians, as we know, had deserted, and, fearful of his provisions running short, he had furthermore dismissed all his troops but three or four hundred, who would suffice for the winter garrison. But he had not long taken this step when he heard that Forbes was in truth coming, and no great way off. He had then no choice but to abandon the post, doing what damage he could do it before leaving and throwing its guns into the river.

It now only remained to make the fort good for the reception of a winter garrison, and to re-name it. The heroic Forbes had entirely collapsed from the fatigue of the march, and for some days his life was hanging in the balance. Once again, however, the strong will conquered, and he was carried out among his men to superintend their operations. A new and suitable name for the conquered fortress was not hard to find, and Duquesne became Fort Pitt, after the great minister, whose spirit had here, as everywhere, been the source of British triumph. Colonel Mercer, with some Virginians and Pennsylvanians, was left in charge of the fort, and, towards the close of December, Forbes, stretched upon his litter, was borne feet foremost in the midst of his remaining troops on the weary homeward journey through the freezing forests. Though his weakness and his sufferings grew worse rather than better; his mind, at least, was now at ease. His task was accomplished, and Ticonderoga was the only failure of the year. The French were driven from the West, their connections between Canada and Louisiana severed, their prestige with the Indians broken, and the demon of Indian warfare on the Alleghany frontier apparently laid. That all this might have been achieved the next year or the year after is no answer to the decisive nature of Forbes's work. There might have been no next year or year after for military achievements in America. Peace in Europe was at any moment possible. Events there might take a sudden turn that would make boundary lines in the American wilderness appear to most men a secondary matter. Pitt cherished no such illusions now; his intentions to drive the French from America were fixed and clear. But circumstances at home might weaken his arm, or he might die, for his health was none of the best, and it was of vital import that every stroke should be driven home before a general peace was made. A French garrison anywhere in America would have been hard to move by diplomatic means,

when once the sword was sheathed.

There was great rejoicing in the middle colonies at the fall of Fort Duquesne, as there had been in New England at the fall of Louisbourg, and for much the same reason, since each had been relieved of a neighbour whose chief mission had been to scourge them. In England the news was received with profound satisfaction. There was no bell-ringing and there were no bonfires. There had been nothing showy in the achievement, and its import was hardly realised. The glory belonged to two men, and their patient heroism was not of a kind to make a stir in the limited press of the period. But the cool fearlessness of Post was a rarer quality than the valour which faced the surf and batteries of Louisbourg, and the unselfish patriotism of the invalid brigadier was at least as noble a spectacle as that of the Highlanders who flung themselves across the fiery parapet at Ticonderoga.

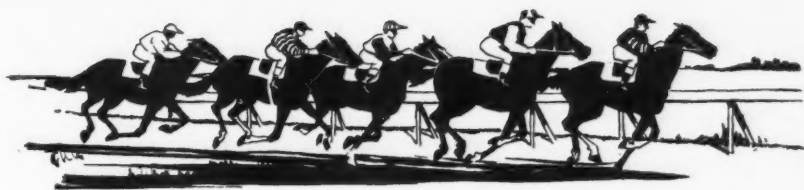
It was nearly 300 miles from Fort Duquesne to Philadelphia, and Forbes did not arrive there till January 14th. Through all the wilderness part of the march, men had been sent on each day to build a rude hut with a stone fireplace for the dying general. One night, says an officer, some muddle had been made, and the unfortunate Forbes was reduced to insensibility by waiting in the bitter cold for fire and shelter to be provided. It took some time, says the writer, to bring him back to life again with the aid of cordials. He lingered a short time after reaching Philadelphia, where he expired early in March and was buried in Christ Church with military honours. The place of his grave has been obscured by alterations and lost sight of, as may with equal truth be said of his services and his unselfish valour in the memory of his fellow-countrymen.

A melancholy incident occurred while the troops were engaged in repairing the fort. No Englishmen had stood on the scene of Braddock's defeat since

its occurrence three and a half years previously, so a party now proceeded up the Monongahela to visit it, among them being the brigade major, Halkett, whose father and brother, it will be remembered, fell dead together at the same moment. The victims had of course never been buried, and the ground was found plentifully strewn with bones, picked clean by wolves and buzzards and partly hidden by the withered leaves of four successive autumns. Halkett's immediate object was the faint hope of finding and identifying the remains of his relatives, with the details of whose death he was familiar from the report of those who had seen it. Two skeletons were found close together under a tree, at the spot where Sir Peter and his son had fallen, one of which Halkett identified beyond a doubt as that of his father, from a peculiarity of the teeth, while the well-known manner of their death practically marked out the other one as his brother. It was a gruesome spectacle for the survivor, and it is no discredit to the young officer, nerved though he was to bloody scenes, that he broke down at the contemplation of it and, as we are told, "swooned away."

Pitt had good reason to be satisfied with the results of the year's fighting in America. The attack on the French centre had failed, but that upon both flanks, which Louisbourg and Duquesne may fairly be called, had been crowned with victory, while the destruction of Frontenac went to swell the triumph. French prestige with the Indians outside their own missions had been destroyed, the formidable alliance shattered, and all thoughts of further aggression from Canada laid at rest. It now remained to strike at the heart of Canada a deadly blow, which would wither and dry up those distant sources of wealth and influence to herself and annoyance to her foes, which stretched far away beyond the northern lakes and the verge of the distant prairies.

TO BE CONTINUED



THE BALLYGUNGE CUP

By W. A. FRASER, Author of "Thoroughbreds," etc.

THE triumvirate: a true woman, a strong man, and a good horse; love, strength and speed. Because of these things, a story.

But it did not start this way—not by a great deal. At first it was only banter. That was the way Beth looked at it—Beth Cavendish. If Douglas Slade were more in earnest, that was his fault.

He was in indigo, up in Tirhoot, and the planter's life tends to make one take things more seriously than they do in the service. For Beth was of the army. Her father, who was a general, and her brother, and all the rest of the Cavendishes, were of the army. And there is strength, and speed, and truth, and just a little of love, perhaps.

She admired Slade in a sisterly sort of way. He was like her brothers; quite good enough for the service—should have been there, in fact, not messing about in the poisonous indigo, having to drink a little gin every day to keep the poison out of his blood, as they all did.

As for the seriousness of the thing, as I have said, it was all on his side. That was the atmosphere when they said these things. It was in Calcutta.

He had really been skirmishing for an opening—so blunderingly, that she knew it.

"Marriage and the before is not romance," she said, looking very earnestly through the window and out across the sun-scorched maidan that stretched away to the stone feet of

Fort William. "It's dreadfully commonplace—it's almost tragic in its dull commercialness."

"Is there no romance in love, then?" he said, feeling that some strong moves were being made on the chess-board of their little game.

"I suppose there is, of 'love,' but we don't associate love with most of the marriages we see, you know; they are *arranged*, and the result is—"

He waited for her to finish the sentence, watching the gray eyes as they came back, drooping a little from the glare of the hot sunshine. But she seemed to be picturing the result to herself, and to have forgotten all about his presence, so he added, "Disastrous, eh?"

"Not always, of course. Now if it were the old days, the old times when men rode forth to battle for the ladies they loved, or said they loved, it might be different. Then a man had to dare and do much to prove his love. Now it's simply a matter of arrangement."

Slade thought hopelessly of his position. He might vow to raise more indigo than any other man in his district, but that would hardly appeal to this maid of a warlike race. His chances were limited. He would willingly undertake to thrash anybody, but there was nobody to thrash. He felt quite bitterly that what she said was true—there was little of romance in his life, little that was bright to offer her in exchange for the pleasant existence she led.

Why should she go to live at his stupid old bungalow, up in Tirhoot,

simply because he desired it—loved her, if you will. She had sadly demolished his skirmishing line, but he must retreat with a light heart—conceal the dull little gnawing with banter.

"Yes," he said, "if we lived in those days, or those days were now, I might take your glove, tie it to my helmet—I really forget how they did fasten the gloves on—and go up and down the land knocking people about until you were quite satisfied with the slaughter, and called me back to receive my reward. By Jove! I'd do it quick enough, though," he added, more to himself than to his companion.

Beth smiled a little at this, and said: "You see, the fates are against you—there's no chance for you to show your devotion."

"No, no chance," he admitted, tragically.

"Are you going to win any races at Calcutta next meeting?" she broke in, changing the subject abruptly, as though his last words had settled the other for all time.

"No, I'm afraid I can't even win a race; my horses are all crocks—not one above selling plater form."

A merry laugh danced in Beth's eyes. Had she laid a trap for him?

"You shall be my knight-errant, then; I'll give you a task. Win the Ballygunge Cup."

His face fell. "Something easy, please," he begged; "the moon, for instance, or Buddha's tooth from Ceylon. Any little bauble you may think of."

"My knight rides not forth to battle to-day, then?" said Beth.

"Oh, I'll try it of course," he added, flushing a little; "try it, and not a hack in my stable fit to pull a dog-cart. Only don't pluck a fellow if he fails, that's all. But I must have a gage—a modern gage in black and white."

The getting of the gage was too tedious for telling, but it read:

"If Douglas Slade wins the next Ballygunge Steeplechase I promise to—" and there she stuck.

He filled in with his own hand "reward him."

"You're to wear it on your casque, you know," she said, as she folded it up neatly.

"Yes, I'll tie it in my racing-cap when I ride forth to battle in the Cup," he said, as he stood, one foot on the step of his high dog-cart and nodded pleasantly to Beth.

"Now I'm in a hat," said Slade to himself, as he drove to his hotel. "Win the Ballygunge Cup with a lot of broken-down nags, when I have failed before with the best horse that ever came to India! And the Cavendish knew I couldn't win it when she set me the pace."

Then he grabbed a life-line that dangled down into his sea of despair. The life-line was Captain Frank Johnson. He was standing at the door of the hotel.

"By Jove!" said Slade; "you're just the man I want, Johnson. If there's anybody on earth, or anywhere else, that can help me out of this pickle, you're the man, or friend, as the case may be."

Up in his room he told Johnson what he had undertaken to do. The captain whistled a merry note of derision.

"Do you know what you've run up against?" he asked. "Lord Dick's got Musket, a big winner at Panches-town, out from home to land this same bit of jewelry; and, bar him, there isn't a horse in the country can beat Jovial, who is in it, too."

"I'd transfer my horse Chang to you quick enough," said Captain Frank, "for I mean to start him; but I'll tell you straight, if either of the other two come to the post fit, I'll only win it if something happens the both of them—if they fall, or run out, or something of that sort. Neither of them are apt to do that, though," he continued, regretfully, "for they're both crackers at the leaping game."

"But I've got to win it," cried Slade, helplessly; and the look on his face drew another whistle from the firm thin lips of the racing captain.

Johnson sat in deep thought for a minute. "If it's as bad as all that," he said, looking at Slade, "we'll

have to hunt up a horse to beat the both of them, eh? You've got nothing in your stable that a dhoby's donkey couldn't give pounds to. But Baldeck's just landed a whaler, in a ship-load of horses from Australia, that if we can buy and get fit in time will take a lot of beating. His name's Gold Finder; he won over Big Timber in Australia."

Hope is a good tonic, and the way Slade rushed things until he had secured Gold Finder was appalling. Not but what there was trouble over it, and it really seemed as though everybody was in league to keep him from winning the Cup.

Baldeck wanted it himself; in fact, had brought this horse out to win it to take back to Australia.

Gold Finder's price, £500, was all right—Slade gave that eagerly enough; and he got over the difficulty of the Cup for Baldeck by agreeing that if the horse won he would have a duplicate made, in gold if he liked, and give it to him.

This seemed a trifling and happy arrangement; but, like a good many other trifling things, it turned out seriously in the end.

"You'll have to come up with me to my place and get Gold Finder fit," Slade told Johnson. "I want to win this race and then quit the turf. I'll have something else to think of then," he added, impressively.

So Johnson and his own racing stable were transported up to Tirhoot. There was no difficulty about this, for Captain Frank had shed the army, and was a racing gentleman pure and simple—not so *very* pure and simple, perhaps.

Slade agreed to make him a present of Gold Finder after the race was run and won.

"We'll have a great chance to find out how the new horse is going," Slade said, "with Chang in the string. Chang's almost good enough, and if my horse turns out a bit better we'll scorch them this trip."

While Slade and Johnson got the two horses ready in Tirhoot, on the

indigo planter's estate, something else was being got ready in Calcutta.

That was the working of Maynard's mind over this same Ballygunge Cup. He was in the service too, but that didn't matter. What did matter was that he thought Beth Cavendish the only girl he wanted to marry.

Now a trick native servants have, is to understand English and pretend they do not. And one of Beth's servants had heard enough of the conversation between Beth and Slade to earn a silver rupee from Maynard. It is not customary for English officers to bribe native servants, but Maynard was not a customary sort of chap—he was oriental in his ways.

That was why Maynard also prepared something. "I can't get anything to beat him now," he reasoned, "but I can stop him; I can get a horse strong enough to do that trick—strong enough to bring him down."

So while the others worked faithfully in Tirhoot, he trained a sprinter to go fast for a mile, and jump viciously at everything in sight.

Though Maynard's morals were slightly oblique his pluck was all right, and he never thought of his own neck in the matter.

If he broke the other fellow's—well, necks sometimes do get broken in a steeplechase over a stiff country.

"I think it's fairly satisfactory," he confided to himself; "if by any chance I fail to bring him a cropper, Lord Dick is pretty sure to beat him out on Musket." So he took a pretty heavy bet, backing Lord Dick's horse to win a small fortune. You see it was all gain with him—love and coin.

A week before they took the horses down to Calcutta for the Meet, Slade and Johnson had a trial to see how things had been coming on. As trials go it was superb. Slade rode Gold Finder at 11 stone; Johnson, Chang at 10 stone 7 lbs., and three other horses were put in to make the running, with an English jockey, Stegg, on the back of the best of them, a horse called Ring. They went over three miles of strongly made country

as though they were racing for a hundred Ballygunge Cups.

Gold Finder won handily enough at the finish, and Slade had a nice warm feeling about his heart as he looked at the big chestnut's mighty limbs, clean as a whistle, when he turned him over to his syce after the gallop.

"It's hall oop, sir, with tothers," said Stegg. "Th' coop 'ill coom Tirhoot w'y this trip."

"If it doesn't," said Johnson, "I'll take the shilling and give up racing."

But down Calcutta way people were just as sure that the race lay between Musket and Jovial. Musket was from the land where they bred grand national winners, and Lord Dick was a finished horseman. Nerves of steel and heart of a lion, that was Lord Dick, in the saddle or out.

Why Maynard had put Budmash in, nobody knew. Certainly he couldn't stay the course, three miles and a half, and he was well named Budmash, for he had the temper of a fiend.

It bothered Captain Frank not a little; that a man of Maynard's cleverness should play the fool was quite out of the question; besides, Maynard could surely get something that would go the distance and have some chance of finishing with the others.

Then, when he found out that Budmash's owner had taken a long bet about Musket's winning, he commenced to do considerable thinking—suspicious thinking.

"I'll keep an eye on Maynard in the race," he told Slade. "He played me a bit of a trick once at Umballa, and I shouldn't half mind wiping out the score; Chang's a pretty big horse, and between us we can take care of ourselves, and somebody else too if it's needed."

"What do you mean?" asked Slade.

"Nothing! only we'll sort of win the Cup between us. You'll sort of ride under my orders, and when I give you the word in the race do just as I say, even if it does seem a bit queer."

"I'll take your coaching, Frank, for you know the game better than I do," Slade answered.

That was only two days before Cup day. Slade said nothing to Beth about winning the Cup. When he had won it would be soon enough; if he lost—well, he had not lost yet, anyway.

"There'll be some collar-bones cracked to-day," remarked Captain Frank to Slade, as they put on their silk colours in the dressing-room the day of the race; "the top bamboos on all the jumps are iron bound, and if any horse hits them hard he'll come down for keeps, and he'll stay down too."

"Dangerous that, eh?" grunted Slade, tugging at a tight boot; "might upset our good thing."

"Hardly," said Captain Frank, with his drawing twang. "Somebody'll find them dangerous, but you won't. Gold Finder'll fly them like a bird."

"What about Chang?" inquired Slade.

"Chang and his rider are all right," replied Johnson; "they're only out for an airing."

The terms of the race were simple enough: It was a gentleman's race, for all horses owned solely by members of the Ballygunge Association, open to all riders.

Here also was a simple arrangement, that turned out very complicated at the end.

Of course Beth was there, everybody who was anybody was. It was the "Grand National" of India.

Beth had not thought that Douglas Slade would take her banter so seriously. Why had he bought a horse that really had a good chance of winning the Cup, for people were saying that he might win? Good judges liked the big chestnut, and were saying that he had a great chance.

Beth kept asking herself a knotty question: "If Douglas Slade wins, what then?" He had kept so quiet about it that she thought he had forgotten the whole thing.

Surely he was a valiant knight; 'twould almost be too bad for him to be beaten now. The thought gave her a start. What if he should be

beaten?—he had been so plucky about it—so determined.

It was the one thing in the world to warm the warrior blood that coursed through her veins; just what her brothers would have done; gone at it strong and fearlessly, and with a determination to win. And it was all for her sake, too; there was no getting over that point.

And Maynard, who also had a horse in the race, had told her that Lord Dick's Musket would certainly win. She hardly knew what her feelings were. If Slade won it would lead to complications sure, he was so persistent—if he lost it would be too bad. It was silly of her to have given him that gage.

And there was the gage, right enough, straight in front of her eyes. Douglas Slade, riding by on his big chestnut from the paddock to the course, turned his head toward the grand stand as he passed the end, and she saw the missive, the gage, tied tightly in the strings of his cap, gleaming white against the dark-blue silk.

Slade caught Beth's eye as he looked at the sea of faces, and she felt a warm flush scorch her cheeks. It vexed her. She did not care for him; it had been only banter.

They were all stringing out for the start—eight of them, eight of the best steeplechase horses in all India. Captain Frank, on the big angular Chang, looked the finished horseman that he was; the easy grace of his seat told of the perfect mastery; it was like my lady in her rocking-chair. And the thin, determined, bony face of the rider; it would be Chang's fault if that pair did not win.

Win! The captain was not thinking of winning—thinking of something else, thinking of the dark-brown horse just in front of him, Budmash.

Gold Finder held Chang quite safe as far as winning went, he knew; his business was to take care of Budmash, and mayhap his rider, for Captain Frank's suspicion had become a certainty.

A steeplechase of three miles and a

half is not a sprint in which the start counts for much, so they were soon away, the silk jackets of the riders snapping and cracking at the wind, like frost breaking from the tightened bark of trees in winter.

Beth had said to herself that she shouldn't care much, shouldn't take much interest in the thing, but when the roar "They're off!" beat up from the enclosure below and went echoing through the stand, she felt that she had three or four hearts in her breast, all beating and hammering away with a suffocating quickness. Still, she did not care—it was the excitement.

Over the first three fences they raced like mad things, not at all like cool-headed riders in a big steeplechase.

"They'll soon crack up at that pace," racing men said, "it's too fast."

Jovial's rider was racing for the lead, and Budmash, blood-red nostrils spread wide, his small, wicked ears laid tight back on his cobra-like neck, looked the perfect embodiment of evil as he raced on the leader's quarter. Maynard was pulling at his head, but the very devil was in the horse.

At the third fence Prifton, an outsider, struck the rail heavily, and the bamboo clanged back like a taut bowstring. The fall was so terrific that Prifton and his rider lay as though their backs were broken.

Swinging to the right over this fence, just in time to miss the fallen horse, Musket, Gold Finder and Chang went in a bunch. Over the "post and rails" and "drop fence" they still kept up the terrible pace, Gold Finder making the heart of Douglas Slade glad as he skimmed them like a deer. "God and my Girl," he muttered, quite like a knight of old, as he felt the great springy chestnut rise each jump with a mighty surge and come down on the other side like a cat.

Beth, too, was muttering something as she watched the dark-blue cap rise in the air, almost disappear, and then go slipping away on the level.

Maynard was pulling his mount back to the others. Johnson saw that, and pushed Chang out a little. "You devil!"

he jerked out between his set teeth; "I'll give you 'what for'!"

That was for Maynard.

At the big mud wall Jovial struck his forefeet and sent a cloud of dust in the air. As the others swept by they saw Jovial's rider ploughing along on his side, as though he had been shot out of a catapult. But he was not hurt, and in three seconds had the horse going again.

Maynard, with a strong pull at Budmash's head, had got him back until Chang's nose was on his flank. On Chang's quarter raced Gold Finder.

Johnson saw Maynard take a look over his shoulder at Slade's mount. "He'll try it on at the 'in and out,' or the big jump," thought Captain Frank.

The "in and out" was two big mud walls about twenty feet apart. As they neared it Johnson saw that Maynard was up to mischief. "He'll pull dead across Gold Finder if I don't bring him down," he muttered to himself.

Four strides from the first wall Maynard looked around again. Gold Finder was thundering along just behind Chang, who was still lapped on Budmash's quarter.

Captain Frank saw the look, and the short rap that Maynard took in the right rein of his horse's bridle.

"Pull back!" he yelled to Slade, and drove the spurs into Chang's great flanks.

At that instant Maynard pulled Budmash's head short to the right as they lifted at the first wall; with a smashing crack Chang was into him, chest on. As the two went into the dip a smashed mass, Gold Finder took off at their very heels, springing slightly to the left, and landed clear of the wreck.

The second wall he cleared also, and he and Musket, a length behind, raced on the level.

A cry of horror went up from the stand as Budmash and Chang toppled over the wall in a broken heap.

Beth closed her eyes and turned white. When she opened them the blue cap was skimming along like a bird.

"Who fell?" she asked, faintly.

"Captain Johnson and Maynard are down," her companion replied. "I'm afraid there are backs broken there."

It seemed wicked to feel glad when perhaps someone was lying dead between those barriers, but her heart certainly gave a throb of joy at the answer that told her the owner of the blue cap was still riding—that Slade was not down. She was beginning to forget all about the banter.

Then the race itself began in earnest. Musket and Gold Finder were fighting like gladiators for the Cup their masters coveted so much. At the water jump, eighteen feet broad, they came together; together they flew it.

A roar of applause went up from the straining, eager watchers.

Half a mile from home Musket's head showed well in front.

"Lord Dick'll win," said Beth's companion. "Musket's an Irish horse, bred to run all day."

Beth's fingers clutched tightly the handle of her parasol, and she set her white lips firm and hard.

And so they came, around the corner and up the stretch and over fences—always the same, the creamy nose of Lord Dick's roan always a trifle in front. As they cleared the last fence Slade seemed to send a thrill of the pent-up energy of his frame into Gold Finder, and the big horse made a last mighty effort.

Surely, slowly, his golden nozzle crept up past the mottled head of the roan; Lord Dick's whip flashed in the air and cut at Musket's quivering flanks. Slade sat perfectly still, crouched low over the withers of his horse, for he knew that Gold Finder knew, and was making his last effort.

There was no sound in the stand, nothing but the strained breathing of the people who waited and the soft rustle of cloth as they pressed close to each other in their intense eagerness.

Only the judges knew as they flashed under the wire what had won.

Then the numbers went up, and the mob knew. It was Gold Finder's race.

"Sorry for Lord Dick," said Beth's companion, as they sat down; "but

the other chap, Slade, deserves it. Never saw a gamer race in my life."

Beth wasn't sorry for anybody. Her nerves were jerking and twitching, and she felt that she never wanted to see another race in her life—not one just like that, anyway.

Two processions came into the stand enclosure almost together. Musket and Gold Finder formed one, while the other consisted of two stretchers, carrying Johnson and Maynard.

"A twisted ankle and a cracked rib is no price to pay for a victory like that," Captain Frank assured Slade; "besides, I wiped that Umballa score out."

Maynard was badly smashed up too; collar-bone broken and a badly wrenched shoulder, but not beyond the working of more mischief.

After the race Slade met Beth face to face on the lawn. She held out her hand in a pleased way.

"Are you glad I won?" he asked awkwardly. "Did you win gloves or anything over my mount?"

"I hardly know yet what I won," she replied enigmatically. "You see I can't quite remember what my bets were till people come to pay up."

"I don't know what I've won either," thought Slade, as Beth's companion carried her off. "But I'll find out to-morrow."

That night Slade was having the fruits of victory thrust upon him. He was in a very heaven of pleasant conquest.

They were having a little victory dinner, he and some friends, and in the middle of it a servant brought in a letter for Slade.

The letter was from Johnson; it was characteristic and much to the point. Somebody, who was the undoubted brother of the devil, had entered a protest against Gold Finder, on the score that he was not the sole property of Mr. Slade. The Stewards, whose brains were as weak as stewed tea-leaves, had decided to hold the Cup back. Gold Finder had undoubtedly won the race itself, and stakes and bets would go to his owner and backers;

but the Cup would not be handed over until Slade proved that he had complied with the regulations.

There would be a meeting of the Stewards next morning at ten o'clock, when he would have a chance to prove his case.

All that Johnson wrote, and more too, but the "more too" was chiefly ornamental, and reflected upon the character of the Stewards and everybody associated with the objections.

Slade was sure there was no case against him, but somehow he felt as though Beth were slipping away.

Next day, at the Stewards' meeting, he indignantly denied that anybody but himself had any interest in Gold Finder.

Then he was confronted with something he had completely forgotten—his promise to Baldeck.

One of the Stewards said: "An objection has been lodged on the score that Mr. Baldeck is still interested in Gold Finder to the extent that you promised him the Cup, or a duplicate of it, in the event of his winning. If you assure the Stewards this is not so, there is no evidence other than his word, and we shall be forced to overrule the objection."

"If you admit it, it establishes the fact that Mr. Baldeck still has an interest in the horse, and that you are not the sole owner. In that event the Cup will go to Musket, who finished second."

It was a bitter pill, losing the prize, and on a technicality, too, but Slade never hesitated for an instant. His word would be taken against the other man's, but that didn't matter.

"I promised Mr. Baldeck the cup," he said, gravely. "I didn't know that it constituted an interest in the horse."

That afternoon he went to hand Beth the gage back, not as he thought he should have gone, to demand fulfilment of the promise, given in banter though it was, but to admit that he had failed.

It was rather odd that Beth had heard all the facts of the case before Slade got there, but she had. Whether

Captain Frank was able to get about in a gharry or not I don't know, but Beth knew.

"I have brought back your gage," said Slade, trying to speak in the same bantering tone they had used that other time. "I failed to get you the Cup."

Beth smiled a little as she reached out for the creased slip of paper Douglas handed her. "She doesn't care a rap," he thought; "she is laughing at me."

Deliberately Beth opened the dust-stained note, and read it with provoking coolness.

"This doesn't say a word about the

Ballygunge Cup," she said, arching her eyebrows.

"Doesn't what?" he broke in, perplexedly.

"It says—wait, I'll read it to you—'If Douglas Slade wins the next Ballygunge *steeplechase*, I promise to—'" then she broke off, as she had in writing the note, and, looking up at him, inquiringly asked, "And you did win the steeplechase, didn't you—though you are not to get the Cup?"

And so it really did not matter very much about the Cup after all, though they would have liked it in their drawing-room.



JAPAN

BY VERNON NOTT

ONE deem'd her but a land of flower and fan,
 A toy-like paradise 'mid Eastern seas,
 Of lilliputian handicraft, and ease—
 An artist nation since art first began.
 And lo! no stripling, but a forceful man
 Hath stepp'd, full arm'd, from out the centuries
 And, toward the foe, unfurl'd upon the breeze
 The battle standard of this new Japan.
 Britain's adopted brother, may success
 Sustain thine arms beneath a rightful cause!
 And should repulse thy progress e'er give pause,
 Dream not our hearts are with thee aught the less.
 Our prayer and thine—what count religion's laws!
 A righteous cause a righteous God will bless.

HAPPINESS*

By GUY DE MAUPASSANT



T was tea-time before the appearance of the lamps. The villa commanded the sea; the sun, which had disappeared, had left the sky all rosy from his passing—rubbed, as it were, with gold-dust; and the Mediterranean, without a ripple, without a shudder, smooth, still shining under the dying day, seemed like a huge and polished metal plate.

Far off to the right the jagged mountains outlined their black profile on the paled purple of the west.

We talked of love, we discussed that old subject, we said again the things which we had said already very often. The sweet melancholy of the twilight made our words slower, caused a tenderness to waver in our souls, and that word, "love," which came back carelessly, now pronounced by a strong man's voice, now uttered by the frail-toned voice of a woman, seemed to fill the little salon, to flutter there like a bird, to hover there like a spirit.

Can one remain in love for several years in succession?

"Yes," maintained some.

"No," affirmed others.

We distinguished cases, we established limitations, we cited examples; and all, men and women, filled with rising and troubling memories, which they could not quote, and which mounted to their lips, seemed moved, and talked of that common, that sovereign thing, the tender and mysterious union of two beings, with a profound emotion and an ardent interest.

But all of a sudden some one, whose eyes had been fixed upon the distance, cried out:

"Oh, look down there; what is it?"

On the sea, at the bottom of the horizon, loomed up a mass, gray, enormous and confused.

The women had risen from their seats, and without understanding, looked at this surprising thing which they had never seen before.

Some one said:

"It is Corsica! You see it so two or three times a year, in certain exceptional conditions of the atmosphere, when the air is perfectly clear, and it is not concealed by those mists of sea-fog which always veil the distances."

We distinguished vaguely the mountain ridges; we thought we recognised the snow of their summits. And every one remained surprised, troubled, almost terrified, by this sudden apparition of a world, by this phantom risen from the sea. Maybe that those who, like Columbus, went away across undiscovered oceans had such strange visions as this.

Then said an old gentleman who had not yet spoken:

"See here. I knew in that island which raises itself before us, as if in person to answer what we said, and to recall to me a singular memory—I knew, I say, an admirable case of love which was true, of love which impossibly enough was happy.

"Here it is—

"Five years ago I made a journey in Corsica. That savage island is

* Copyrighted in the United States by Harper and Brothers. Maupassant, like Zola, is of the naturalist school of French writers. He is one of those who attempted to study man and life as they are, to paint people exactly as they appear, selecting of course such phases of life as have dramatic interest. They desired to put Romanticism and Idealism behind them and to show where society stands and whither it tends. Maupassant was a nephew of Flaubert, one of the first of this school. He was born in 1850 and died in 1893. In early life he was apparently strong and robust, but later he fought with insanity and death. This fight made his work somewhat gruesomely pessimistic and realistic. Nevertheless as a maker of compact phrases, as a master of concise diction, as a finished stylist he is one of the greatest of nineteenth century novelists. His short stories were originally published in sixteen volumes, while his novels are eight in number.

more unknown and more distant from us than America, even though you see it sometimes from the very coasts of France, as we have done to-day.

"Imagine a world which is still chaos, imagine a storm of mountains separated by narrow ravines whose torrents roll; not a single plain, but immense waves of granite, and giant undulations of earth covered with brushwood or with high forests of chestnut trees and pines. It is a virgin soil, uncultivated, desert, although you sometimes make out a village like a heap of rocks on the summit of a mountain. No culture, no industries, no art. One never meets here with a morsel of carved wood, or a bit of sculptured stone, never the least reminder that the ancestors of these people had any taste, whether rude or refined, for gracious and beautiful things. It is this which strikes you the most in their superb and hard country; their hereditary indifference to that search for seductive forms which is called Art.

"Italy, where every palace, full of masterpieces, is a masterpiece itself; Italy, where marble, wood, bronze, iron, metals and precious stones attest man's genius; where the smallest old things which lie about in the ancient houses reveal that divine care for grace—Italy is for us the sacred country which we love, because she shows to us and proves to us the struggle, the grandeur, the power, and the triumph of the intelligence which creates.

"And, face to face with her, the savage Corsica has remained exactly as in her earliest days. A man lives there in his rude house, indifferent to everything which does not concern his own bare existence or his family feuds. And he has retained the vices and the virtues of savage races; he is violent, malignant, sanguinary without a thought of remorse, but also hospitable, generous, devoted, simple, opening his door to passers-by, and giving his faithful friendship in return for the least sign of sympathy.

"So, for a month, I had been wandering over this magnificent island with the sensation that I was at the

end of the world. No more inns, no taverns, no roads. You gain by mule-paths hamlets hanging up, as it were, on a mountain-side, and commanding tortuous abysses whence of an evening you hear rising the steady sound, the dull and deep voice, of the torrent. You knock at the doors of the houses. You ask a shelter for the night and something to live on till the morrow. And you sit down at the humble board, and you sleep under the humble roof, and in the morning you press the extended hand of your host, who has guided you as far as the outskirts of the village.

"Now, one night, after ten hours' walking, I reached a little dwelling quite by itself at the bottom of a narrow valley which was about to throw itself into the sea a league farther on. The two steep slopes of the mountain, covered with brush, with fallen rocks, and with great trees, shut in this lamentably sad ravine like two sombre walls.

"Around the cottage were some vines, a little garden, and, farther off, several large chestnut trees—enough to live on; in fact, a fortune for this poor country.

"The woman who received me was old, severe and neat—exceptionally so. The man, seated on a straw chair, rose to salute me, then sat down again without saying a word. His companion said to me:

"Excuse him; he is deaf now. He is eighty-two years old."

"She spoke the French of France. I was surprised. I asked her:

"You are not of Corsica?"

"She answered:

"No; we are from the continent. But we have lived here now fifty years."

"A feeling of anguish and of fear seized me at the thought of those fifty years passed in this gloomy hole, so far from the cities where human beings dwell. An old shepherd returned, and we began to eat the only dish there was for dinner, a thick soup in which potatoes, lard and cabbages had been boiled together.

"When the short repast was finished I went and sat down before the door, my heart pinched by the melancholy of the mournful landscape, wrung by that distress which sometimes seizes travellers on certain sad evenings, in certain desolate places. It seems that everything is near its ending-existence, and the universe itself. You perceive sharply the dreadful misery of life, the isolation of every one, the nothingness of all things, and the black loneliness of the heart which nurses itself and deceives itself with dreams until the hour of death.

"The old woman rejoined me, and, tortured by that curiosity which ever lies at the bottom of the most resigned of souls:

"So you come from France?" said she.

"Yes; I'm travelling for pleasure."

"You are from Paris, perhaps?"

"No; I am from Nancy."

"It seemed to me that an extraordinary emotion agitated her. How I saw, or rather how I felt it, I do not know.

"She repeated, in a slow voice:

"You are from Nancy?"

"The man appeared in the door, impassible, like all the deaf.

"She resumed:

"It doesn't make any difference. He can't hear."

"Then, at the end of several seconds:

"So you know people at Nancy?"

"Oh, yes, nearly everybody."

"The family of Sainte-Allaize?"

"Yes, very well; they were friends of my father."

"What are you called?"

"I told her my name. She regarded me fixedly, then said, in that low voice which is roused by memories:

"Yes, yes; I remember well. And the Brisemares, what has become of them?"

"They are all dead."

"Ah! And the Sirmonts, do you know them?"

"Yes; the last of the family is a general."

"Then she said, trembling with

emotion, with anguish, with I do not know what, feeling confused, powerful and holy, with I do not know how great a need to confess, to tell all, to talk of those things which she had hitherto kept shut in the bottom of her heart, and to speak of those people whose name distracted her soul:

"Yes, Henri de Sirmont. I know him well. He is my brother."

"And I lifted my eyes at her, aghast with surprise. And all of a sudden my memory of it came back.

"It has caused, once, a great scandal among the nobility of Lorraine. A young girl, beautiful and rich, Suzanne de Sirmont, had run away with an under-officer in the regiment of hus-sars commanded by her father.

"He was a handsome fellow, the son of a peasant, but he carried his blue dolman very well, this soldier who had captivated his colonel's daughter. She had seen him, noticed him, fallen in love with him, doubtless while watching the squadrons filing by. But how she had got speech of him; how they had managed to see one another, to hear from one another; how she had dared to let him understand she loved him—that was never known.

"Nothing was divined, nothing suspected. One night when the soldier had just finished his time of service, they disappeared together. Her people looked for them in vain. They never received tidings, and they considered her as dead.

"So I found her in this sinister valley.

"Then in my turn I took up the word:

"Yes, I remember well. You are Mademoiselle Suzanne."

"She made the sign 'yes,' with her head. Tears fell from her eyes. Then, with a look showing me the old man motionless on the threshold of his hut, she said:

"That is he."

"And I understood that she loved him yet, that she still saw him with her bewitching eyes.

"I asked:

"Have you, at least, been happy?"

"She answered with a voice which came from her heart:

"Oh, yes! very happy. He has made me very happy. I have never regretted."

"I looked at her, sad, surprised, astounded by the sovereign strength of love! That rich young lady had followed this man, this peasant. She was become herself a peasant woman. She had made for herself a life without charm, without luxury, without delicacy of any kind; she had stooped to simple customs. And she loved him yet. She was become the wife of a rustic, in a cap, in a cloth skirt. Seated on a straw-bottomed chair, she ate from an earthenware dish, at a wooden table, a soup of potatoes and of cabbages with lard. She slept on a mattress by his side.

"She had never thought of anything but of him. She had never regretted her jewels, nor her fine dresses, nor the elegancies of life, nor the perfumed warmth of the chamber hung with tapestry, nor the softness of the down-beds where the body sinks in for repose. She had never had need of anything but him; provided he was there, she desired nothing.

"Still young, she had abandoned life and the world and those who had brought her up, and who had loved her. She had come, alone with him, into the savage valley. And he had

been everything to her, all that one desires, all that one dreams of, all that one waits for without ceasing, all that one hopes for without end. He had filled her life with happiness from the one end to the other.

"She could not have been more happy.

"And all the night, listening to the hoarse breathing of the old soldier stretched on his pallet beside her who had followed him so far, I thought of this strange and simple adventure, of this happiness so complete, made of so very little.

"And I went away at sunrise, after having pressed the hands of that aged pair."

The story-teller was silent. A woman said:

"All the same she had ideals which were too easily satisfied, needs which were too primitive, requirements which were too simple. She could only have been a fool."

Another said, in a low, slow voice, "What matter! she was happy."

And down there at the end of the horizon Corsica was sinking into the night, returning gently into the sea, blotting out her great shadow, which had appeared as if in person to tell the story of those two humble lovers who were sheltered by her coasts.

THE HEALTH OF EUPHEMIA

A NOVELETTE DEPICTING AN INCIDENT IN CANADIAN SCHOOL-BOY LIFE

By AMY WALSH

CHAPTER I



ONES, hurrying from the class-room at twelve o'clock, collided with Jones in the corridor.

"Oh, let us be joyful!" said the latter. "I've thought out a plan."

"What is it?" cried Bones.

"It's this way," said Jones. And an explanation followed.

CHAPTER II

Ten minutes later Jones was sprinting homeward to await the arrival of Bones, and Bones was talking, with a certain rude eloquence, through the fence to his dear friend, the day-pupil. Every boarder knows the need of one trusted friend among the day-pupils, and Bones was an experienced boarder.

"It's like this Billy," he was explaining. "I'm tired out; my health is a

wreck from overwork (*whereat the day-pupil grinned greatly*), and if I can't get away for a week's rest, there is bound to be a collapse."

"Why don't you go home?" suggested the day-pupil. "Write to your guv'nor and go home."

"Home is not for me," returned Bones sadly. "My father is a stern man, and if I turned up looking so—so—comfortable (*Bones looked down regretfully at his all-too-solid frame*), he would think it was a put-up game to get home. It would do no good to plead that I had that brain-fag you read about in the breakfast food advertisements. But I have another idea and you've got to help."

"Sure Mike! What is it?"

"It's this way. You know Jones; he's a boarder and in my form. Well, his cousin from Texas is coming up for a visit, and Jones has to go home to show him round a bit. The Head is willing, for Jones isn't working for exams this year. Besides his home is so near Toronto that there won't be much time wasted going and coming."

"That's dead lucky for Jones," volunteered the day-pupil, "but it doesn't seem to help you much."

"Oh—but it does. Jones doesn't like his Texas cousin very much, and he has asked me to go out for a week to help things along. He wants me to ask you to have this message telegraphed to me from the Junction this afternoon. (*Here Bones pressed a scrap of paper into the other's hand.*) It's clear as day I'll have to leave for home when that comes."

The day-pupil was dubious.

"There's no harm in it," said Bones reassuringly. "You sign it 'R. Bones.' 'R' is my initial as well as the guv'nor's. It isn't forgery—it's just a message from myself to myself—see?"

"I see," said the day-pupil hesitatingly. "But—"

"But what?"

"Oh, nothing! I'll do it—but seems to me you've been in enough rackets this term."

"Thanks, Billy. You're a dead game sport. See you again in a week. Good-bye."

CHAPTER III

The Latin class was progressing with more or less celerity (*principally less*) through an arid spot in the *Æneid* when a sharp rap from without arrested attention. The nearest pupil opened the door and bore to the Head a yellow missive.

"Telegram for Bones, sir," he said.

"Ah, for Bones! Bones, come here, please."

"Thank you, sir," said Bones, and opened the missive with trembling fingers. In his agitation he carefully tore off the heading. On the whole, it was better that he did so for the father of Bones lived in a distant town on the banks of the Ottawa River, and the heading to the message was "Toronto Junction."

Bones read it with dimming eyes. Then he trembled, reeled slightly, and, one might have said, turned pale.

"What is it, my boy?" solicitously inquired the Head. "No bad news, I hope."

For answer the stricken Bones handed him the telegram. "My sister Euphemia," he moaned; "my dear little sister Phemy."

The Head adjusted his glasses and read:

"Sister Phemy very ill. Better come at once."

"R. BONES."

Then he looked at the boy. "You may go immediately," he said in his kindest accents. "You will catch the afternoon train if you hurry. Perhaps you will find your little sister better. Good-bye."

"Good-bye. Thank you, sir." The smitten Bones moved doorwards slowly, heavily. "By the way," added the principal, "would you like one of the masters to see you off?"

"Oh, no!" answered Bones with agitation. "Oh, no, thank you, sir. Not at all!" and he quickened his pace. Once outside the door, Bones grinned—largely—benevolently. The Science Master, passing, noted the grin with scientific curiosity as to the origin thereof.

CHAPTER IV

It was four o'clock. The principal sat in the vacated class-room and mused. "Strange," he soliloquised, "how that telegram affected Bones. Who could have dreamt that that troublesome boy had so much tenderness in his nature. '*My sister Euphemia—my dear little sister Phemy.*' Really, the way he came out with that was touching in the extreme."

He was still lost in thought when the Science Master entered on friendly confab bent.

"What was your High Mightiness doing to make the Virgil-hating Bones so gladsome this afternoon? He came from your Latin class wearing a radiantly benevolent smile—the smile that won't come off."

"Glad some! Bones! Wearing a smile, you say—surely not!"

"Yea, verily—a smile. His face shone with unholy mirth."

"We must look into this," said the Head, and took counsel of the Science Master. They looked into it conjointly. They looked also into the mutilated telegram and observed that the heading was gone.

"One doesn't like to be or to appear needlessly suspicious," remarked the Science Master, "but I think, if I were you, I should write to R. Bones, Senior, and inquire after the health of Euphemia. She may not be so very ill after all."

"I shall certainly do so," said the Head, and added musingly, "Euphemia, his dear little sister Euphemia."

CHAPTER V

DEAR SIR,—In reply to your kind inquiry as to the safe arrival of my son Reginald and the progress toward recovery of my daughter Euphemia, I would say that Reginald has not yet arrived, and that I never had any daughter Euphemia, nor any daughter at all, for that matter.

Reginald is not likely to come our way. He is probably staying with some friend, and I imagine he will return to the college in a few days.

If his absence should exceed a week let me know, and I shall take steps to find him. You are at liberty on his return to use any means you think best to restrict the workings of his imagination; it is decidedly undesirable

to have a daughter added to one's family in this unceremonious fashion.

Yours very sincerely,

R. BONES.

This illuminating letter reached the principal in a day or two. He read it and with ominous carefulness placed it in a drawer.

CHAPTER VI

On the seventh day Bones returned and reported, as was seemly, at the Head's office. He did not look as if he had spent much time at his sister Euphemia's bedside. His eyes were bright, and the light mesh of freckles which formerly decorated his face had disappeared under a coat of tan.

Bones had spent the greater part of seven precious days in showing Jones and the Texas cousin how to sail a skiff with two umbrellas and a pillow-sham. Therefore was he tanned and weather-beaten.

The Head was a humane man. He did not ironically require an explanation of the vigour and high colour of Bones. With merciful swiftness he came to the point.

"Bones," he said affectionately, almost admiringly, "I have received a letter from your father. If you read it, it will set at rest any lingering anxiety you may yet have regarding the health of Euphemia."

Bones paled perceptibly—even under his tan. Then he read the letter. The last sentence made him feel weak and ill.

"I—needed—a—a rest," he said simply.

"Perhaps you did," murmured the Head, pensively reaching for something from the table. "Perhaps you did, but what you need now is something vastly different. It is my painful duty, Bones, to—"

And Bones rose to the occasion like a man.

CHAPTER VII

!—! ! — —! ! — —!

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"I am sorry, Bones," added the principal, "that you made it necessary."

"So am I, sir," said Bones.

Current Events Abroad.

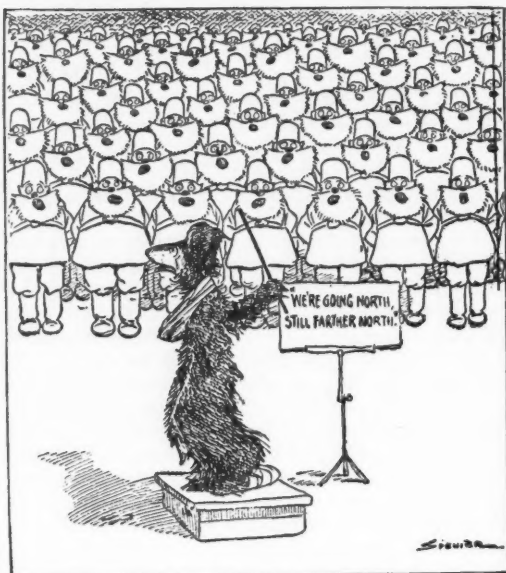
NICHOLAS in his palace during the past month must have recalled to many minds the Scottish tyrant to whose castle at Dunsinane messenger after messenger comes bearing tidings of woe and disaster. One comes to say that ten thousand English, commanded by men who had a fearful title to thirst for his life, were marching on his stronghold; another announces that Birnam Wood is moving to Dunsinane; a third that Lady Macbeth is dead. So fast does one woe tread upon another's heels that the desperate usurper says:

"I have almost forgot the taste of fears.
The time has been my senses would have cooled
To hear a night-shriek, and my fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir
As if life were in't. I have supp'd full with horrors."

Since that fateful day in February when the detonations of the Japanese torpedoes in Port Arthur announced the opening of the war, the messengers of disaster have been even thicker at the Czar's palace gates. But more dire than the news of the worst things that the enemy has inflicted, more dire even than the sinking of a battleship with the bravest of his admirals aboard, must be the tidings of the assassination of the great servants of the state by the hands of his own subjects. The assassination of the Governor of Transcaucasia, of the Governor of Finland, and finally of his chief minister have one after another been carried home to him almost at his own portals. The murder of a conspicuous personage anywhere may have very little political meaning. Three Presidents of the United States, men chosen by universal suffrage for a term of years, have perished at the hands of fanatics.

All three were men greatly revered by the nation at large. Their untimely taking off was universally deplored and the instruments of it as universally execrated. No political data or lessons could be gleaned from such events, for they were utterly irrational and purposeless. It is somewhat difficult, therefore, to draw any conclusions from events that occur equally in one of the freest governments in the world and in that which is most absolute and tyrannical. There is a difference, however. In America it is only the most conspicuous office that is exposed to the attention of cranks. It is only the President who has to be attended by secret service men as protectors. The general state official moves about as freely and probably as safely as the average citizen. Not so in Russia. The instruments of absolutism are hunted as ruthlessly as the Czar himself. M. Plehve was accompanied by guards when he was slain. His predecessor in the office was also assassinated. His successor will be a marked man. The successors of the Governors of Finland and of Transcaucasia will, in the truest sense, be offering their lives in the service of their master.

This situation will become more and more intense as the propaganda of freedom gradually makes its way among the vast inert mass that forms the population of Russia. Under its impending dangers changes will be enforced on the most reactionary rulers. The despatches tell us that in view of the Von Plehve murder the *Novoe Vremya* is discussing in its columns the need of a responsible cabinet in Russia. The curious thing is that the press has been allowed to canvass the matter quite freely. The articles in



RUSSIA'S NEW NATIONAL ANTHEM
Sung to the tune of "I regret to report"
—Denver Republican

the *Novoe Vremya* were signed by the editor, M. Souverin. One of the sententious clauses in the second article was that in which he said that "Peter the Great opened the window towards Europe. Now we need to open the door and let what is best of western progress enter." M. Souverin went so far as to say that the rivalry between ministers is causing chaos in the public service. The creation of a responsible ministry would necessarily involve the privilege of free criticism on the part of the press. The press has already, it would appear, gained unwonted freedom.

For the past two years the relations between the French Government and the Vatican have not been good. Under the new Pope and his equally new Secretary of State, Mgr. del Val, they have reached the breaking point. During the pontificate of Leo the campaign of the French Government

against the religious corporations occasioned the Holy Father much grief, but with his usual statesmanlike patience he was inclined to bend his head to the storm, hoping that it would blow over. It never blew over in his time, and under his successor the prospect is for still rougher weather. Pius X had not long been seated in the chair of St. Peter before President Loubet paid a visit to the King of Italy. It has become a point of etiquette that so long as the Pope is deprived by the Italian Government of his temporal estates no Catholic ruler can visit Rome. President Loubet disregarded this intricacy. He paid a visit to the King of Italy, and as a consequence he was not received at the Vatican. The incident increased the strain occasioned by the expulsion of

the teaching corporations.

☞

The friction has been doubled by a still more recent happening. As is well known, the relations between the Government of France and the Papacy are regulated by the Concordat which Napoleon concluded with Pius VII.

Among the provisions of that agreement, or, rather, in an interpreting document, is one that stipulates that all communications between Rome and the Church in France shall pass through the hands of the French Government. The church has never formally recognised this as an obligation, although in practice it has been carried out. The other day the Bishops of Laval and Dijon were summoned to Rome to answer charges made against them. The civil authorities resent the fact that these summonses were not presented through them. The Pope and his Secretary of State refuse to recede, with the conse-

quence that the French Ambassador has been recalled from the Vatican and the Papal Nuncio been handed his papers. As the Government provides clerical salaries throughout France out of the people's taxes and, of course, can cease doing so when it chooses to think that the Concordat has been violated, it can be seen that a very serious issue has been raised.



I was rash enough in the August number of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE to say that before "Current Events Abroad" met the eye of the reader one of the world's great battles would have been fought. But here ten days of the month have elapsed and still the looked for event is *in futuro*. It is difficult to avoid the conclusion that the silent deliberation that broods over the area of conflict is bodeful for the Russians. We may well believe, of course, that every moment is being employed by them in increasing their numbers, in adding to their armament and, if they mean to make a fight behind a fortified front, in strengthening the lines of their position. But is there not the danger that the object of these deliberate steps the Japanese are taking is to put Kouropatkin virtually in the same position as Gen. Stoessel in Port Arthur? If they can surround him, cutting his communications with Harbin, he is practically a besieged man, and cannot even choose his fighting ground. His opponents can make him come out for food and endeavour to break through their lines. That would be to surrender all the advantages he may have gained by occupying a strong position, made still more invulnerable by the pick and shovel.

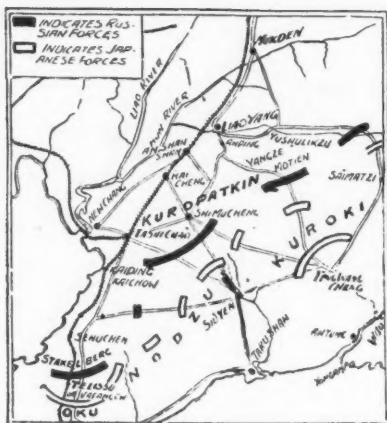


It need scarcely be pointed out that a force that manœuvres itself to the

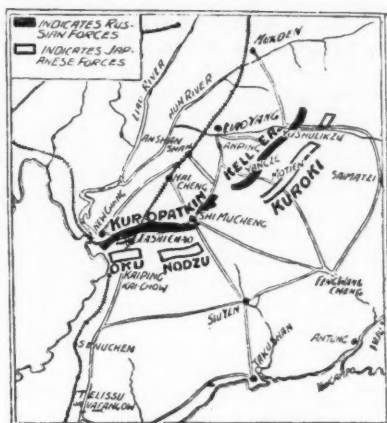


HE'S NOT SO HANDSOME AS HE WAS, BUT HE KNOWS A GOOD DEAL MORE.—Denver News.

rear of a position is in peril of suffering the fate which it designs for its enemy. If a Japanese force, for example, gets between the main Russian army and Mukden the preserving of their own communications will become a matter of vital interest, and an enterprising commander would make their position a most precarious one if the present Fabian tactics are maintained. The deliberation that has marked the last few weeks of Japanese strategy shows the little people in a new light. The naval opening of the war gave us their headlong aspect. Their courage seemed of the reckless order which has been displayed by more than one Asiatic people, and has eventually only contributed to their more effective and speedy overthrow. Such valour has a touch of fatalism in it, and while it was the quality which made the conquering career of Mahometanism possible, it is not the best type of courage for the soldier. The good soldier does not want to die, although he is willing to take large risks in order to encompass the death or dis-



Position of Russian and Japanese Armies on June 15, at the time of the battle of Telissu.



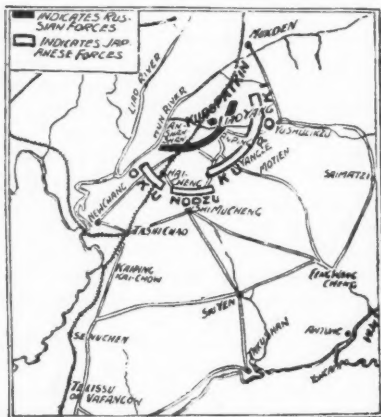
Positions on July 23, after the battle of Kaiping (Kaichow).

THE MOVEMENTS OF THE OPPOSING ARMIES, SHOWING THE ENCLOSING MOVEMENTS OF THE JAPANESE.

abling of his foe. He wants to beat his antagonist, and to be alive to enjoy the victory. That is the European type of courage. The amazing valour of the Japanese seaman, which has been quite matched by that of the land

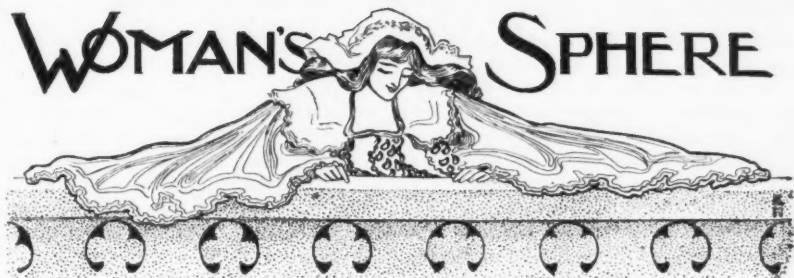
forces, doubtless led many to conclude that the Japanese type of bravery was that of the best Asiatics—reckless, prodigal of its life, self-immolating. But the last few weeks have illustrated their other side. They have approached the Russian position with a deliberation, caution and sure-footedness worthy of a Wellington. It is the finest temper for waging a war. The characteristic of Cæsar was his readiness when need be to run great risks, and to trust to a furious onset, backed by dogged valour, to bear down all opposition. But on occasion, when conditions seemed to call for it, the great Roman captain could be as cautious as anyone. Witness his patient manœuvring previous to the overthrow of his foes at Thapsus. The Japanese have exhibited themselves in both aspects. When some great object is to be served the little dark men can be confidently relied upon for almost any sacrifice. When deliberate and slow accumulation of the means for the delivery of an earth-shaking thunderbolt is necessary they have the calmness and steadiness for that as well.

John A. Ewan.



Positions on August 4, after the battles of Tashichao, Shimuchen, Yangze Pass, Yushulikzu, and the evacuation by the Russians of Hai-Cheng.

WOMAN'S SPHERE



Edited By
M. MacLEAN HELLIWELL

TO DIANEME

SWEET, be not proud of those two eyes,
Which starlike sparkle in their skies;
Nor be you proud that you can see
All hearts your captives; yours yet free;
Be you not proud of that rich hair,
Which wantons with the love-sick air;
When as that ruby which you wear,
Sunk from the tip of your soft ear,
Will last to be a precious stone
When all your world of beauty's gone.

R. Herrick.

DOMESTIC ROCKS

PAPER I

IT is little wonder that in the ceaseless effort to make a show for the world to gaze at, the better part of woman is seriously neglected. One dangerous rock which needs a warning buoy above it, is the lack of simplicity in our homes.

Let us follow through a series of years the domestic life of the average newly-married young man and woman. In the beginning they domicile themselves in a rented house, and their sovereign aim is to rise on the line of material possessions, and, as a natural sequence, owing to the present edicts of society, having in view some pretentious residence of which they wish to possess an equal, or some family with which they desire to rank socially.

Ordinarily, at the outset, with a view to saving money toward one day possessing a home of her own, the wife dispenses with a servant, often drudging away the first years, which should be among the most progressive spiritually, of her life, and what is usually the result?

Having soon or late come by a residence, not in every instance a home such as her fancy has long pictured, her social obligations more often than not increase, and a maid is engaged, sometimes two, and following this there is the continual effort to keep up appearances, accompanied almost invariably by living up to, or beyond her means, both equally disastrous to domestic happiness.

In such habitations, then, and they are innumerable, where is found the rest and true felicity which, at the outlook, married life seemed to promise? To the husband, at least, it is often a pitiable farce, for probably, in the majority of instances, it is the wife who first relinquishes the chance of happiness, and perhaps not always blindly, to the thralldom of keeping up appearances.

To make an effort toward bettering this condition of affairs domestic, the furnishing and ornamentation of our homes should be planned with due respect not only to our purses, but to the amount of time we can afford to spend in keeping things trim. While it is woman's mission, notwithstanding the new woman's distorted views on the subject, to look well after the ways of her house, this should not be permitted to occupy her time to the exclusion of all things else, particularly when a home which requires little special attention is often more comfortable and attractive than one calling for considerable.

One young lady I know of spends half a day getting her room ready for

a maid to sweep, and nearly as long a time dusting and putting things in place again. Another, a married lady, confesses that she spends two days on her parlour. Both rooms are full of gilded, perishable creations which a maid is not permitted to handle.

A noteworthy stumbling-block to the housekeeper is the mantel, which often is swathed in fancy draperies suggestive of dust and microbes, and scattered over with various senseless ornaments. But what is to be expected when deplorable quantities of useless and common articles are daily being manufactured and offered for sale?

The decoration of a mantel might to advantage be limited to a clock, a neat marble one, for instance; a couple of good vases, which should be supplied daily with fresh flowers during the garden season, at least; and it may be noted here that time spent on floral decoration is well spent; and to these might be added a couple of small photographs in not too fancy frames. Ornaments which are solely ornamental should be avoided—unless, of course, one can afford the handcraft of the best sculptors. Imitations should not be encouraged.

Annihilation, then, should be the fate of what-nots and ordinary *bric-a-brac*, and the places these usually occupy should be converted into cosy corners which admit of being made at once comfortable and beautiful. As to the walls, only good pictures should hang there, if but one to a room; not necessarily paintings by artists—fine photographs, simple prints may be selected, with the thought always before the home-maker that mere copies of the really good paintings are infinitely better than any but the best originals.

A. M.

FOOD QUESTIONS

THE question as to whether this or that kind of food agrees with the human stomach or not, seems to have entered enormously into everybody's calculation and conversation of late.

Formerly the mere mention of the subject in a mixed gathering gave one's sensibilities a mild shock, but now we willingly lend both ears to bald discussions of indigestion, at luncheons, afternoon teas, and—from timely necessity perhaps—at the midnight supper.

Is this the outcome of the various food demonstrations, of lectures on the things people should or should not eat—especially the latter, or is it just the natural spray cast up by the wave of domestic science which has recently swept over the country?

When a fanatic arises and tells a devouring nation that it should not touch beef; that potatoes are the cause of more dyspepsia than any other thing; that bread is nothing short of poison; that fearful monsters lurk in every drop of milk; that the seductive sparkle in water is as little to be trusted as the light in woman's eyes—then, surely, the only conclusion left us, is that this jaundiced prophet is in league with the undertaker. We had better be resigned to death. Let us be businesslike and make all necessary arrangements for our own funerals. We should lose no time in deciding whether we desire to be cremated, or to be buried in "the cold, cold ground." His message comes as welcome as the "cheer up" salutation with skull-and-crossbones beside it.

But a happier day is dawning, and the most thoughtful doctors are now saying that it is not what we eat so much as the state of mind we are in at the time of eating, which determines our digestion. We must not eat when excited in any way, when anxious or worried, when nervous, when deep in grief or on the pinnacle of elation, while in a state of fear, when madly in love, or—worst of all—we are solemnly warned not to partake of food when in a mood of violent anger.

Thus we may expect shortly to arise, a race of sweet-tempered, delightfully placid human beings, to take the place of us ordinary mortals who must either die of starvation from excessive fasting, or depart this life from nervous indigestion.

A year ago I heard a woman gravely advising her friends to live on grape-nuts, shredded wheat biscuits and cereal tea. These were all-sufficient for the human system, she stoutly declared. They followed not her counsel, but she unfortunately did, and to-day this poor woman—herself the victim of faddists—is a physical wreck.

A. M.

LADY MARJORIE GORDON

THE marriage of Lady Marjorie Gordon, only daughter of the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen, to Captain Sinclair, Liberal M.P. for Forfarshire, took place in London on July 11th.

Captain Sinclair, who was A.D.C. in waiting during Lord Aberdeen's term as Lord - Lieutenant of Ireland, served Lord Aberdeen in the same capacity in Canada, and has since then been private secretary to Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, Liberal Leader in the British House of Commons. Entering the army in 1879, Captain Sinclair saw active service in the Soudan expedition of 1885 and retired from the service in 1887 with the rank of captain.

From early childhood the name of Lady Marjorie Gordon has been a household word in Great Britain through her editorship of *Wee Willie Winkie*. The children who eagerly welcomed each issue of the little magazine with its pictures and stories, puzzles and games, have with a feeling of affectionate comradeship watched

their young editor grow into charming womanhood. Lady Marjorie is still devoted to literary pursuits, and at the International Congress of Women held in Berlin June 15th to June 18th, she read an admirable paper on "Women in Literature."

Lady Marjorie is tall and graceful, with a beautiful head and fine thoughtful dark eyes, and her winning manners make her extremely popular in the circles in which she moves. Though

bright and fond of society, her thoughtful mind looks much on the serious side of life, and in the solution of some of the most perplexing questions she manifests a sympathy and soundness of judgment remarkable, were it not that from her earliest years she has been associated with her mother in all the benevolent and philanthropic enterprises so dear to Lady Aberdeen's heart. Children are usually fond of helping in any project in which their activities can be employed, and the little Lady Marjorie always found singular delight in

lending her small aid, the more so as the utility of the effort was always carefully impressed upon her.

Her years in Ottawa during the régime of the Earl of Aberdeen were years in the school-room, a clever description of which she gives in a dainty brochure, entitled "Our School-room at Ottawa, 1893-1898." The school was in affiliation with the University of Toronto, Lady Marjorie passing in due course the successive examinations.



LADY MARJORIE GORDON
PHOTOGRAPH BY ELLIOTT & FRY

The question of a course in Domestic Science and Manual Training as a part of the education of their children was solved by Lord and Lady Aberdeen presenting them with Holiday Cottage, near Haddo House, complete in all its fittings, sleeping accommodation alone being omitted. An annual rental of four ivy leaves, as indicated by the framed document hanging on the wall of the living room, entitled the children to all the privileges of the cottage. Here they practised all the details of housekeeping, Lord Haddo and his brothers doing the gardening and any carpentering found necessary, while Lady Marjorie, who was both housekeeper and hostess, delighted in performing every detail of the housework, and in entertaining her favoured friends with the results of her own culinary skill.

Fond of outdoor exercise, Lady Marjorie excels at golf and tennis, and her well-used Indian bag with B. B. shot, darts, slugs and cartridges and her 22 Quackenbush rifle are evidences of another pastime in which she delights. In the study of Natural History Lady Marjorie and her brothers added some valuable trophies to their collection of specimens, ranging from a beautiful collection of butterflies to a large rattlesnake killed on Lord Aberdeen's ranch at Vernon, B.C.

On the return of the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen to Haddo House, Lady Marjorie was elected a member of the School Board of Methlick in Aberdeenshire, and though her success at the polls was perhaps quite a foregone conclusion, the ability she displayed in discharging the duties of her office was a distinct surprise. For three years she has served on the School Board, and her visits to the schools were welcomed by the children as red-letter days.

A few weeks ago Lady Marjorie Gordon, accompanied by Captain Sinclair, visited the school of Cairnorrrie, which was *en fête* in honour of the approaching happy event. In the warm wishes then expressed for the future

happiness of the distinguished pair, the people of Canada heartily join.

Margaret Eadie Henderson.

TO A YOUNG LADY

SWEET stream, that winds through yonder glade,
Apt emblem of a virtuous maid—
Silent and chaste she steals along,
Far from the world's gay, busy throng,
With gentle yet prevailing force
Intent upon her destined course;
Graceful and useful all she does,
Blessing and blest where'er she goes,
Pure bosom'd as that watery glass,
And Heaven reflected in her face.

—W. Cowper.

FORGIVENESS

IN a clearing of the wood two men stand facing each other at a measured distance. The right hand of each grasps a gleaming sword, whose blade-tip touches the dry brown earth.

It has been an affair of honour—honour dearer to one than life itself. One man stands straight, proud, fearless. He could look into the eyes of God and be unafraid. The other man holds high his head, his body straight, but in reckless daring only. His eye shifts and wavers. He watches his antagonist furtively. Blades cross . . . and cross again . . . and yet again. He stoops—he, the guilty one, and with lightning alertness grasps with his left hand its full of the brown dust, which he flings in the face of his adversary. Then—a terrible thrust! The mad moment ended. The murderer would fly, but stronger arms bind him.

The wounded sinks into the arms of his second. He looks up with a quivering smile of great tenderness.

"Don't let them do anything to him. . . . He meant only to disarm me. . . . It is but a scratch. . . . I will be all right in a—" . . . But in that minute he died. A. M.

ONE touch of what we call sympathy is worth more to us than many volumes of what we call knowledge, we are such lonely creatures.

—Clara Sherwood Rollins, in "Threads of Life."

PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS.

CANADA'S YOUNG MEN

LAST month, the writer took occasion to congratulate the Maritime Provinces upon their waking up to a realisation of how difficult it is to build up a country without young men. This month an opportunity occurs to congratulate Ontario upon the excellence of the manhood being produced in that province. Ontario has tried to keep her young men at home, to give them employment, and to encourage their thrift and enterprise. If she could not find a suitable niche for every promising young man, it was but the fault of circumstances. The Northwest is fairly well supplied with successful citizens, who were once bright young men in Ontario. These came from homes presided over by thoughtful, sensible parents, who believed in young men having few idle moments, and who hated card-playing, cigarette-smoking and beer-drinking with a deadly hatred. There was plenty of encouragement for the boy who showed a desire to learn, whether it were the knowledge that is in books or the living facts which nature conceals, or whether it were cricket, lacrosse, "shinny," or any other laudable sport. No idling, no funking, no wasting of God-given strength, no neglect of opportunities, said these earnest fathers and mothers. They aimed to send their boys forth into the struggle of life with a little religion well-imbedded in their consciences, a strong body, and as much education as it was possible to acquire with the time and money that was available. And for fifty years Ontario has produced honest, sinewy men whose superiors are not to be found on the round globe.

Because of these things there are

two new stories to be told this month; stories which cannot possibly do justice to the two young men who have brought honour to the fathers and mothers of their native province.

THE DIAMOND SCULLS

LOUIS SCHOLES, a Torontonion, has won the highest amateur honour in the rowing-world—The Diamond Sculls. Although only twenty-three years of age, Scholes is a powerful athlete with sense, pluck and endurance in an unusual degree. Two years ago he went over to Henley, and was beaten in the same competition by an oarsman from the United States. Undismayed, he went in for further training on Toronto Bay, and this year went back to measure his strength once more. After four hard races, he succeeded in getting possession for one year of Britain's greatest sporting trophy. Not only that, but he lowered the record for the Henley course by 5 4-5 seconds, and taught the young men of Great Britain that all the skilled muscle of the Empire is not on the shores of the Thames.

When Scholes returned to Toronto he was given a civic welcome and a case of silver. Thirty thousand people turned out to do honour to him and to his father who also has an athletic record. "It is a grand thing for pure athleticism," said the latter. "All fathers should encourage their sons to take an interest in athletic sports. It is a grand thing for young men. It fits them for any kind of business."

The intensity of the struggle in such a competition is shown by the fact that Scholes lost sixteen pounds between the first and last heats, partly owing



REGATTA, KINGSTON HARBOUR, JULY 23RD TO 28TH

PHOTO BY HENDERSON

to the physical exertion, and partly to the mental strain. He knew that his club-mates, his friends and the whole sporting-world were watching his efforts.



THE KING'S PRIZE

ANOTHER Canadian, the second in history, has won the King's Prize for the best shot in the British Empire. Hail, Private Perry, of Vancouver, the first Canadian-born to gain this distinction! Over fifteen hundred men competed—the best shots from New Zealand, Canada, the Channel Isles, England, Scotland and Wales. And there was no chance about it, as everyone who knows the competition well understands. Fifteen hundred men fire at three ranges—200, 500 and 600 yards; the best three hundred go on to 600 and 800 yards and compete again; then the one hundred best, the King's Hundred, have a final test at 900 and 1,000 yards, and the aggregate score at all the ranges decides. The prize is a gold medal, a badge and £250.

And then the afterwards! Montreal gave him a welcome which must have made his face glow, even though the Prince of Wales and Lord Roberts had already patted him on the back. Toronto, where he was born, where he first enlisted in the militia, from which

he started as a member of the first South African contingent—Toronto gave him cases of silver, gold watches and a welcome which he will never forget. Vancouver, his newer home, awaits his coming with impatience.

And why all this? Partly because of his pluck, his skill, his manliness, his earnest view of life. Partly because he did honour to Canada where Canada desires to be honoured. Partly because all the world loves a hero.



A SOUND BODY

THE future of the Canadian people depends upon the development of the mental and physical powers of the young. It depends more on these qualities in our young men and young women than upon the building of railways and canals, the increase in immigration, the development of trade, or whether the Government is Liberal or Conservative. A sound mind in a sound body is the basis of all progress. There have been strong minds in weak bodies, but these are the exception. Lucretius's ancient observation is worth recalling:

"Gigni pariter cum corpore, et una Crescere sentimus pariterque senescere mentem."

"We see that the mind is born with

the body, that it grows with it and also ages with it." Sterne carried the idea another step when he said: "Man's body and his mind are exactly like a jerkin and a jerkin's lining—rumple the one, you rumple the other."

Some young people take too little interest in athletics, some take too much. There must be a proper balance; and the maintaining of the balance depends upon the teaching of the parents and the educationists. Athletics should not be made the aim of life; they are but a part of the preparation.



YOUNG MEN'S CLUBS

EVERY town should have a building devoted to athletics, because indoor sports as well as outdoor sports are necessary in this climate. In the summer evenings the young men may indulge in cricket, baseball, lacrosse, football, aquatics, and even in bowls and golf. In the winter time he should have a swimming bath, a gymnasium and perhaps a billiard room.

If the temperance reformers would work along this line they would accomplish more than by agitations for local option and prohibition. The young man who drinks to excess is usually led thereto by the necessity for spending his leisure winter evenings in the hotel—the only place in the town that invites him to enter when he pleases. The Y.M.C.A. buildings in most of the larger towns are splendid institutions where not too narrowly directed. Their moral influence is good.

The other day I noticed a fine new building in course of erection in Stratford and learned that it was a Y.M.C.A. structure to which the Grand Trunk Railway had subscribed \$4,000. It has nearly a thousand workmen at that point. This is an excellent example which might be followed by other large employers of labour. These young men's clubs will benefit not only



THE NOORNA OF MONTREAL, SUCCESSFUL DEFENDER OF THE SEAWANHAKA CUP, 1904

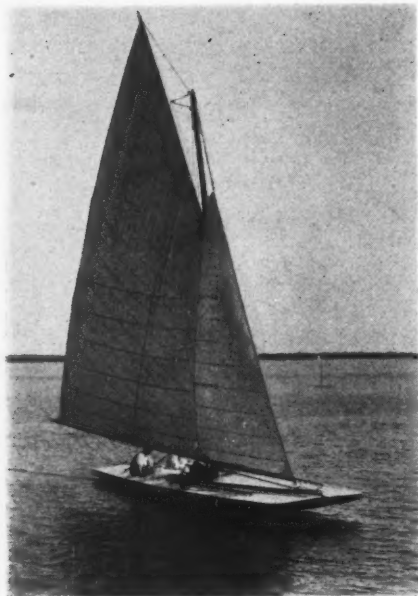
themselves and the community, but also the nation. Of course, these institutions will bless only according to their administration, and the giving of money is not enough; employers must retain a permanent interest and influence in the management.

Keep the young man out of the bar-room by interesting him in other phases of life.



THE DECLINE OF CRICKET

AS a means of creation and recreation of mental and physical strength there is no sport to surpass cricket. For nearly seventy years this game has been played in this country, and especially in Ontario and Nova Scotia. Back in the thirties and forties there were flourishing clubs in Upper Canada, and (the Hon.) John Beverley Robinson, (the Hon.) J. G. Spragge and (Chief Justice) Draper were among the leaders. The game has maintained a fair popularity, but not sufficient



THE WHITE BEAR OF MILWAUKEE, UNSUCCESSFUL CHALLENGER OF THE SEAWANHAKA CUP, 1904

to enable it to hold the national affections in competition with lacrosse, baseball and golf. It will long remain the chief game of the boarding schools, but its incompatibility with the American rush is against it as a sport for men.

This is regrettable from a certain point of view. The late Edward Thring, headmaster of Uppingham School, once wrote to a friend: "Mark me, cricket is the greatest bond of the English-speaking race, and is no mere game. This Australian visit has unconsciously done much in this way towards a feeling of brotherhood and common life." This may be a statement in superlative terms, but it is often true with those who are English-born. If Canada had taken more kindly to the game, it is possible that it might have had some imperial significance; yet, because the game is not played here now as it was thirty years ago, is no proof that the ties of the English-speaking race are breaking.

Our football, lacrosse and bowling teams still visit Great Britain, as do our rifle-shots and curlers. Yet, as has been said, from the imperial point of view it is regrettable that cricket has lost so much of its popularity among Canadian men and become so purely a school-boy game.

A YACHTING VICTORY

WHILE showing pre-eminence in rifle-shooting and rowing, Canada has also maintained her reputation in yachting. The Seawanhaka Cup has again been successfully defended at Montreal. In 1895 the Seawanhaka Corinthian Yacht Club established a permanent challenge cup for small yachts, owing to the possible visit of J. Arthur Brand, of the Minima Yacht Club of England, with his half-rater *Spruce IV*. To meet this boat six yachts were specially designed and built. Of these, the *Ethelwynn*, designed by W. P. Stephens, was selected. It was a shoal centre-board boat with a firm keel, and a water-line length of about fifteen feet. This boat won from the English boat. The Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club at once challenged, and Mr. Duggan's *Glencairn* competed in 1896 and defeated *El Heirie*, designed and sailed by Clinton H. Crane. Every subsequent race on Lake St. Louis has ended with a similar result, the *White Bear* making the best attempt this year, winning two out of the five races.

This series of races has given a great impetus to small yacht building and racing on the Lakes, and the Canadian designers and builders have been fairly successful in all competitions. This has added variety to the sports and pleasures of those who live along these waters, and has enabled many persons of limited means to enjoy themselves in what is really a royal sport. The effect upon the young men who take to this form of pleasure is to make them more acquainted with the problems of navigation and the varying moods of sailing weather.

John A. Cooper

About New Books.

BACK TO NATURE

SPEAKING of flat buildings and apartment houses in their relation to human action, the *Montreal Gazette* says that the "flat building is the right-bower of race suicide." There is no doubt that large cities mean small families, because it is difficult for parents with small children to secure a rented house, and impossible for them to get apartments in the best locations. The woman with a child is regarded as a nuisance, as a being who should have known better.

Hence there are many books now being issued which are teaching people how to get back to Nature. A few bold spirits have voluntarily thrown aside professional reputation, and gone back to the land, there to work out a higher agricultural life. They are trying to imitate Thoreau and his disciples. "Our Mountain Garden," by Mrs. Thomas; "The Fat of the Land," by Dr. Streeter,* and "Working With the Hands,"† by Booker T. Washington, are three recent additions.

In the third of these volumes the author deals incidentally with another phase of this question. He says: "I found young men who could wrestle successfully with the toughest problem in 'compound interest or banking,' or 'foreign exchange,' but who had never thought of trying to figure out why their fathers lost money on every bale of cotton raised, and why they were continually mortgaging their crops and falling deeper into debt." He could find the same kind of young men in Ontario—blinded under the most delusive system of high-school teaching that could be devised by short-sighted men.

The negro needed education, but what kind? Booker T. Washington

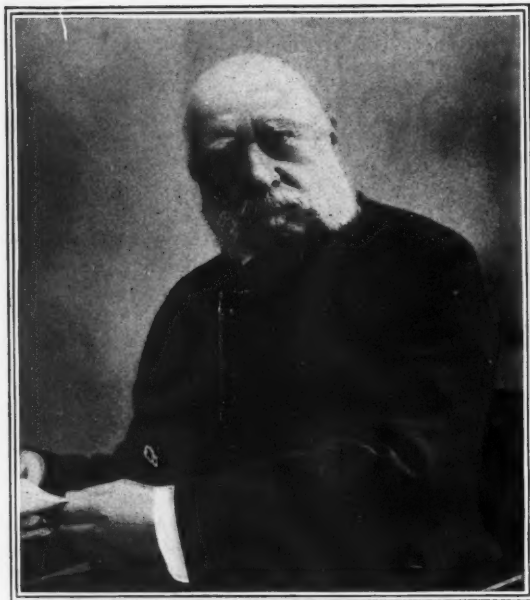
*Morang. †William Briggs.

decided to try a combination of brain-work and hand-work, so that the negro could improve his body, his temporal life and his mental life all at the same time. Mere hand training would not do. "The hands, the head, and the heart together, as the essential elements of educational need, should be so correlated that one may be made to help the others." He taught the young negroes to build and to think, to work with their hands and their brains, and he made Tuskegee College famous.

Canadian colleges might learn the lesson. Every man who graduates might have a knowledge of building and architecture. Whether he becomes a merchant, a manufacturer, or even a professional man, he will find it useful to know exactly how a building is put together, and what are the striking architectural features of the finer buildings which come under his eye during life. Besides it will teach him to use his hands, it will render his theoretical knowledge more practical, and it will make him a much more useful citizen whether he serve in a private or a public capacity.

REFERENCE BOOKS

AN occasional lament is heard to the effect that Canadians do not know enough about their own country to maintain a good argument with a foreigner. They are not prepared to answer the most likely questions. Why is Canada valuable to the British Empire? What is her area? What are her chief products? What is the average immigration? The average duty levied on imported goods? What percentage of imports come in free? How is Canada governed? What are the characteristics which distinguish



THE LATE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, WHOSE DIARY WILL BE PUBLISHED BY PERMISSION OF THE KING

her system of government from all other systems?

This lack of information of a general nature is also noticed when young men are choosing professions. The youth appeals to his parents and friends, who answer: "Be a lawyer, doctor or dentist—or a preacher." They do not realise that lawyers, doctors, dentists and preachers are not the classes most in demand in Canada. A young man will make a greater success of his life if he educates himself for a mercantile career, a draughtsman, a mining engineer, a railway engineer, an electrician, a lumberman, a specialist in transportation, a miller, or even an agricultural expert, for these are the classes of men that the country requires. The rewards of today are not going to the professional men, as those words are usually understood, but to the specialist in some branch of industry or trade. This must continue to be true for the next two hundred years, since there is a

huge country offering itself for development. Lawyers and doctors and dentists are not developers; they are non-producers. What Canada needs is producers—and in failing to give us these, the educational system of the country has fallen short of perfection.

The parent of a family of boys will take a different view of Canada if he will but study the reference books. Several of these offer themselves for consideration this month.

"The Canadian Annual Review" for 1903, edited by J. Castell Hopkins, shows considerable improvement over 1902. Instead of one section devoted to "Government and Politics," there are two sections, "Dominion Political Affairs" and "Provincial Political Affairs." This is an improvement. There are additional sections devoted to "Art and Music" and "Legal Incidents and Appointments." There are fifty more pages in this volume and the matter is also better condensed. The section devoted to "Relations with the Empire" is extended so as to give a full account of the momentous fiscal conflict now raging, while "Relations with the United States" gives a splendid account of the Alaskan Boundary incident. The lists of daily papers and of the books of the year are also valuable. The illustrations are well chosen. Altogether this is a valuable work which should be in the library of every progressive citizen.*

"The Statistical Year-Book of Canada," 1903, edited by George Johnson, is much more of a book of figures than Mr. Hopkins' work. Not events, but trade and administration are the subjects. While Mr. Hopkins treats

*Toronto: The Annual Review Pub. Co.

statistics in a general manner, Mr. Johnson treats them in detail. He also analyses them. Mr. Hopkins may give the annual value of the butter and cheese exported from Canada in 1903; Mr. Johnson shows by tables that the gross value of the cheese produced in Ontario has grown from nine million dollars in 1894 to fourteen million in 1902, with similar figures for the other provinces. He will show that seven million dollars' worth of butter was exported last year as compared with less than a million in 1891, while in the same period cheese exports have grown from a value of nine and a half millions to more than twenty-four millions. He will go farther and show what portion of this export went to Great Britain, what portion to the United States, and what portion elsewhere. He will even tell how many cheese factories and creameries there are in each of the provinces, how many patrons each has and what is the average return.

Mr. Johnson might materially improve his book. There are certain parts of it which are of small usefulness and might be omitted. Each section might have an introduction which would assist the ordinary reader to understand what follows. No copies should be issued in paper covers, and it should be advertised in all the leading periodicals of the world.

The Dominion Government has issued a handbook for the St. Louis Fair under the title "Dominion of Canada." This title is decidedly inadequate, but is not quite so ridiculous as the title-page proper, which is a splendid example of inane conglomeration. The illustrations are excellent and the text is good so far as it goes. There is, however, an absence of charts and diagrams such as are to be found in the Atlas issued by the Department of Interior or the Budget Speech issued by the Minister of Finance. In fact, this handbook would indicate that the common impression of the country that the Department of Agriculture is not up to the average of the Dominion departments, is only too



SPEAKER GULLY'S BOOK-PLATE

true. Mr. Johnson may not be to blame, but as his name is on the book he must take his share with the Hon. Mr. Fisher. The volume is a great disappointment, though it looks as if quite enough money had been spent on it. It is not more expense that is required, but more ingenuity and newer ideas in the graphic presentation of facts and statistics.

Volume I of the Census of Canada, 1901, has been issued for some time. The matter for the other three volumes has been ready for nearly a year, but the Ottawa Printing Bureau is not run for the benefit of the country. The government needs a new King's Printer, one who will refuse to let every meddling M.P. foist undesirable employees upon him. This department of governmental production is said to be most inadequately managed, mainly because of petty interferences by those who desire to extend their polit-

ical patronage. The delay in publishing the census volumes would indicate the truth of the assertion.

NOTES

THE London critics are very severe on Maurice Hewlett's "The Queen's Quair," declaring that it is unjust to Mary Stuart who is the leading figure of the story. The *Outlook* says: "Mr. Hewlett has not unveiled a queen; he has not even undraped a woman."

William Briggs will have the Canadian edition of Miss Laut's new book, "Pathfinders of the West," which claims to give for the first time a full and accurate account of the discovery of the Northwest. Parkman, she asserts, saw in late life that his story of La Salle was wrong, but it was too late to correct it. The book is divided into four sections: Part I—Radisson and Groseillers (1660-1700). Part II—The Verendryes, Father and Sons (1730). Part III—Hearne and Mackenzie (1769-1789). Part IV—Lewis and Clark (1800-1806.)

While not a literary man, the late Duke of Cambridge had a good command of the language. His carefully kept diary, which ran into a number of volumes, is to be edited and published. No doubt it will contain some illuminating stories of the leading personages of the Victorian era, for the Duke knew them all—sovereigns, statesmen, diplomats, soldiers and prominent men and women of English and continental society.

Grant Richards has recently published an edition of "What is Art?" by Leo Tolstoy, at one shilling.

Mr. A. G. Bradley, author of "The Fight for North America," now running in THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE, is writing a book on Guy Carleton, Lord Dorchester, dealing specially with Lord Dorchester's work as Governor of Canada during and after the Revolutionary War.

Marie Corelli's new story will be called "God's Good Man; a Simple Love Story." The title is so sacrilegious that the Canadian edition will

be issued by the Methodist Book Room.

Mr. G. W. E. Russell has written a *critique* of Matthew Arnold, in which he indicates that as a poet and a theologian Arnold was not great, but as the most lucid of modern essayists, he is worthy of a very high place in the history of English literature. Arnold's "Essays in Criticism," published in 1865, is undoubtedly his greatest contribution to our literature.

Among the recent additions to the British Civil List pensions are £125 a year to the widow of W. E. Henley; £75 a year to the relict of Phil May; £74 a year to the two sons of George Gissing during the minority of either; £150 a year to Sir William Laird Clowes, and similar grants to several other literary persons. In Canada literary workers receive scant consideration.

A volume of sermons by the Rev. R. J. Campbell, successor to Dr. Parker, has been issued under the title, "City Temple Sermons." It will be remembered that Mr. Campbell recently visited Canada.

The Copp, Clark Co. will have some splendid books this fall. Sir Gilbert Parker's new story is entitled "A Ladder of Swords" and is an Elizabethan romance concerning two lovers hindered by a difference in religious adherence. This will be illustrated from paintings by the Kinneys. They will also have a new novel by Charles G. D. Roberts, entitled "The Prisoner of Mademoiselle." This is an Eastern Canada story. Besides these two volumes which will be of especial interest to Canadians, they will issue: "Jess & Co.," the story of a young married couple, by J. J. Bell, author of "Wee MacGreegor"; "The Loves of Miss Ann" by S. R. Crockett"; "A Romance of the Crusades" by H. Rider Haggard; "Hearts in Exile," a Russian story, by John Oxenham; and "Sir Roger's Heir" by Frankfort Moore. Most of these will be issued in illustrated editions. Every book in the list has something special to recommend it.

IDLE MOMENTS

A BEDTIME STORY

"WELL, if you won't tell me a story to-night, I'll tell you one," said a dear little girl to her mother.

"Do you know, mother, the other day the sun asked me to dinner with him. And he let down a long, shiny ladder. And I climbed up the ladder; and when I got up there the sun had the moon to dinner, too.

"And the moon was such a funny little fellow. He had a big, round face and little tiny legs. And I laughed and laughed when I saw him.

"And the sun said, 'Do you like him?' And I said, 'Yes, of course.' So the sun said, 'Well, you can have him, then.' So I took the moon under my arm and went down the long, shiny ladder, again.

"That night, when I was in bed, I heard the awfulest noise. And I got up and went out. And there were all the little stars, crying and making the awfulest noise. And I said, 'What are you crying for?' And they said, 'Because you've got the moon.' And I was sorry, and I ran back and got the moon for them, and the little stars were so glad. And that night I had thousands of little stars to sleep with me."

Silence for a moment—then, "And there was darkness over all the earth."

Agnes Tessier.

SAMBO'S REASON

Col. Davis, a fine old Southern gentleman, and a faithful attendant upon the beautiful services of the Episcopal Church, was always driven into town on Sunday morning in most orderly and dignified style by Sambo.

After carefully seeing to the fastening of the staid and sober horses, Sambo himself used to slip into a pew and be a most attentive listener. Under any ordinary circumstances neither master nor man were absent.

It so happened that on one particularly fine Sunday the Colonel noticed, on casting his eyes around to the usual pew, that Sambo was not in his place. The Colonel was surprised, but said nothing, supposing Sambo had some good reason for his absence.

But noticing for two or three Sundays the continued vacancy in Sambo's place, he determined to enquire the reason why.

"Sambo," said he, "I haven't noticed you in church for two or three Sundays."

"No Massa; no Massa, I want dere," said Sambo, shifting about uneasily.

"And where were you, Sambo? I should like to see you in church, sir."

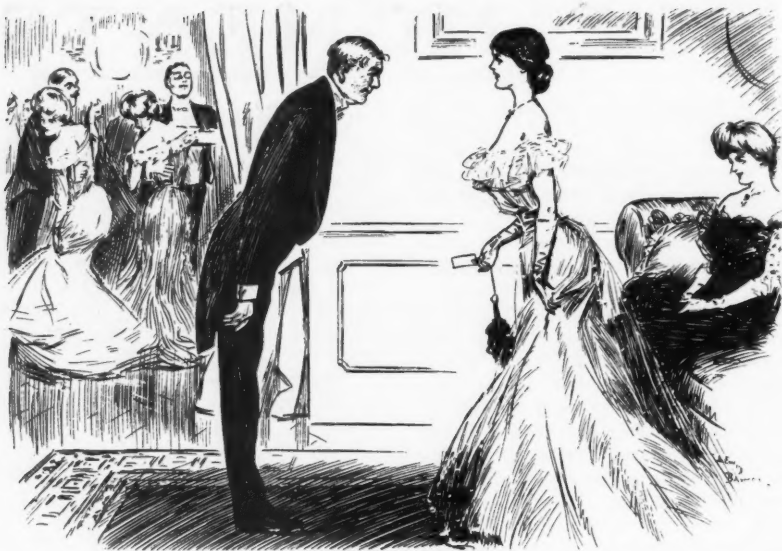
"Well, Massa," said Sambo, "I'se jus' down to de lil Methodis church roun' de conah."

"Why, Sambo, I'm surprised at you. What have you got against my church? Doesn't it suit you, Sambo?"

"Yes, Massa. Yo' church good church, Massa; but den I mus' go an' look ater de hosses now, if you'll scuse me."



"POOR LITTLE FROGGIE! I'LL BET THERE WAS A MOSQUITO IN YOUR ROOM LAST NIGHT."—*Life*



A PROMISING PARTNER

MISS LIGHTFOOT—"But—er—if you're not certain if you can dance the two-step, Mr. Clumpsole, perhaps you'd prefer to sit it out."

ENTHUSIAST—"Oh no, thanks. I want to learn it!"

—Punch.

"Never mind the horses, Sambo. Tell me why you don't like my church?"

"Well, Massa, if you'll scuse me, I lak de Methodis' bes', for yo' church spen's so much time readin' de minits o' de previous meetin', but de Methodis', dey gits rite down to bizness to once."

With a hearty, good-humoured laugh, the Colonel replied, "Oh well, Sambo, your explanation is quite satisfactory. Be a good man, Sambo, and Master will find no fault about your church."

F. W. Murray.

■
BEAUTIES OF ARCHITECTURE

The following "coloured" story is going the rounds of the press, and is certainly a worthy one:

A dusky couple, evidently on their honeymoon, were heard discussing the beauties of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition.

"Dese heah," said he with a lofty

wave of the hand, "am what dey calls de fine Art Buildin's."

"Don't look so turrible fine to me," objected the bride. "De Libble Art Building looks finer."

"It do that," assented the groom.

"What is libble art, anyway?" she inquired sweetly.

He drew himself up and gave her an impressive look. "Libble art," he began, and then pondered a moment—"I don't know as I can give a correck idea of libble art, honey. I know what it is, but I disremember. But it's a mighty fine buildin'. All dese heah buildin's, you know, am in de style of de French Reminiscence."

■
ANXIOUS TO KNOW

A Mormon boy out in Utah

One day chanced to meet his own pa;

Cried the glad little one:

"Shake, pa; I'm your son!"

"Indeed?" said the man; "who's your ma?"

—S. E. Kiser, in *Chicago Record-Herald*.

ODDITIES & CURIOSITIES



THE NEST OF A PIE-BILLED GREBE

THE accompanying photo shows the nest and eggs of the pie-billed grebe, or dabchick—which commonly goes by the name of “helldiver.” The grebe is fairly common throughout Canada and is especially in evidence in the spring and fall. One of the interesting things about the pie-bill is the way in which it disappears in the water, as if by magic, on the approach of danger. It does not dive but rather

sinks in the water, the bill being the last to disappear, and not even a ripple is left to mark the spot. Anyone who has tried to shoot a helldiver will appreciate the quickness of its movements. The trigger is pulled, the puff of smoke appears, but before the shot has reached the place the intended victim has vanished beneath the surface.

The nesting habits of the grebe, too, are peculiar. The nest is simply a floating mass of decaying weeds anchored



THE NEST OF A PIE-BILLED GREBE OR “HELLDIVER”

PHOTOGRAPH BY O. J. STEVENSON



THE HOLY FAMILY CARVED IN WOOD

An eccentric sculptor, the late Thomas Mowbray of Toronto, carved this from one piece of wood, the trunk of a pine tree which stood on his property in Muskoka. The figures are life size.

among the reeds and rushes along the margin of some shallow pond or lagoon. During the day time Mother Grebe goes off to enjoy life grebe-fashion in some other part of the pond, trusting to the heat of the sun on the sodden mass of weeds to do the work of incubating. But before she leaves the nest the loose fringes of weeds are drawn carefully over the eggs, so that to the casual passer-by only a tangled mass of reeds and rushes appears on the surface of the water. Do not think to surprise Mother Grebe at her task of brooding. Long before you have appeared she has already heard the trembling of the reeds along the shore, the nest with its treasures has been hastily covered, and she has disappeared stealthily and silently over its side, leaving not a ripple upon the

surface of the water to mark the course of her flight.

O. J. Stevenson.

A POOR CRUISER

IN the battle of Aug. 14th, when the Vladivostok squadron was met and defeated by Kamimura, the Japanese admiral, a naval prophecy came true.

A sensation ran through the naval world ten years ago when it was known that Russia was building a cruiser of nearly 11,000 tons, which would have good speed, an armour belt no less than ten inches thick, and an enormous armament—four 8-inch guns, and sixteen 6-inch and six 4.7-inch quick-firers. She was the wonder of the day, and the British Admiralty hastily had the *Powerful* and the *Terrible*, great 14,000-ton cruisers, begun as "re-

plies." When the *Rurik* was seen in British waters, less respect was felt for her. Her thick belt of armour was placed along her water-line, and her tremendous battery was placed in the upper decks, high above the only armour protection she had. The guns were very close together, had no armour in front of them, and no steel bulk-heads to separate them. British sailors looked her over and said that one shell bursting on her gun-deck would make it a shambles.

The prophecy was fulfilled. The first time the huge *Rurik* came under fire she was pounded into helplessness because of her exposed deck and armament. Her thick belt of armour did not make up for her lack of speed and her exposed parts. The modern protected cruiser is built on better plans.

CANADA FOR THE CANADIANS.

A Department For —
Business Men.

BETTER POSTAGE STAMPS

A HALIFAX correspondent writes advocating national designs for our postage stamps. He says:

I am a good British subject, but believe in advancing and advertising my country even in a postage stamp. I do not advocate the idea of my country issuing new sets of postage stamps every chance it can get, like our neighbour to the south or the South American Republics. But I do believe in a national Canadian issue of stamps.

Look at our present issue of stamps! The cut of King Edward is good, but the effect and beauty of it is lost by the one colour. Compare our stamps with the new issues of Natal, Orange River Colony, and other British colonies, where two colours are used. For beauty and workmanship our stamps are in the shade.

Take our Victoria Jubilee issue. The sameness in design and colour spoiled that set. If it had had several different designs, such as taking the oath, the crowning, marriage, etc., of our late Queen, would not that Jubilee set be worth treasuring and being proud of?

Now, for my chief idea, a national Canadian issue of stamps.

Take the stamp most used—the 2c., have our beloved King's photo. on it, to show our loyalty and British connection. But the other stamps, from the ½ c. to the \$1.00, could and should have Canadian scenes, or portraits of our illustrious dead. Every envelope or packet bearing a stamp helps to advertise our country. And those stamp views, small as they are, help to inform and interest outsiders of our country.

Canada has not yet had a historical set of stamps. We celebrate this year the 300th anniversary of the founding of Canada; and if Canada could produce a set equal to Newfoundland's Cabot's issue our postal authorities would have done something worth while.

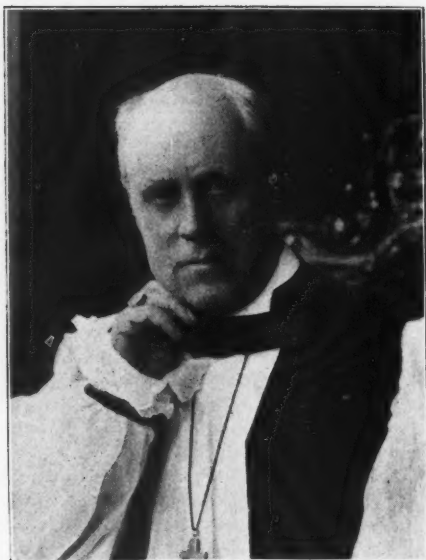
But a national set should be in common use, the views changed, say every decade, so as to give all parts of the Dominion a chance to be advertised.

To be sure the postal authorities might find it hard to please everybody in their selection, but a set of some Canadian views would be better than none at all. And then again, there is even a cash side to this idea. Thousands of stamp-collectors, the world over, are awaiting new issues; and some governments find it profitable even to cater to them.

C. E. Smith.

KING PETER AND THE NEAR EAST

THE Coronation of King Peter of Servia has been postponed for a short time to enable the Foreign Ministers accredited to his Court to be present; and further, to render things easy for the guests, the consecration only will take place at the Monastery of Zitcha, the crowning being held in Belgrade itself The ceremony will serve to emphasise, what has been completely overlooked in this country, how greatly the position of Servia has altered for the better since the accession of Peter Karageorgevich. The unhappy King Alexander had no standing as a European sovereign. He was the son of a discredited gambler.



THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY WHO WILL VISIT CANADA THIS MONTH

and of the daughter of a Russian colonel. The Obrenoviches had no relations whatever with the ruling caste in Europe. On the other hand, Peter Karageorgevich married the eldest daughter of the Prince of Montenegro, though the fact is generally forgotten; and, consequently, counts as his brothers-in-law the King of Italy, the Grand Duke Peter Nicolaevich of Russia, the Crown Prince Danilo, and Prince Francis Joseph of Battenberg. He is thus closely connected with the reigning families of Russia and Italy, and though he could be ignored while he lived in obscurity in Geneva, he is quite worth acknowledging now that he is King of Serbia, and in a position to exercise a very real influence on the future of the Balkan Peninsula. King Peter's marriage was the result of Prince Nicholas' desire to gain a footing in Serbia, but the move has turned out better for the son-in-law than for the Prince. King Alexander made a foolish marriage, and he paid the penalty. King Peter does not mean the Servians to

forget that he is allied to the sovereigns of Europe. At the Coronation ceremony he will be supported by the Crown Prince of Montenegro, one of the Russian Grand Dukes, a Prince of the House of Savoy, and by Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria, whose presence will signify that the present ruler of Serbia is in a position to do far more for his subjects than his predecessor. Opinion in Europe is changing on the subject of King Peter. At first he was looked upon as a recluse and a nonentity, but it is now acknowledged that he is a statesman who will have to be reckoned with in the Near East.—*The Globe*, London.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN

MR. CHAMBERLAIN was entertained at dinner on his birthday, Friday last [July 8th], by his sympathisers in the House of Commons. It was a great compliment and a remarkable demonstration. In his speech he explained how the conviction that all was not well with British trade had gradually grown upon him as the result of his investigations in defence of the free import system. To-day he is afraid that if we do not abandon a policy of drift we shall soon find ourselves unable to secure employment for an increasing population. The economic side of the question, important though it be, is really, in Mr. Chamberlain's opinion, less urgent than the Imperial. He declared himself to be a fiscal reformer mainly because he is an Imperialist. Mr. Chamberlain was, perhaps, hardly wise to suggest by such a phrase that if there were no Empire there would be less need for fiscal changes. He does not, we are assured, mean that. Fiscal reform is indispensable, not only to the future of the Empire, but to Great Britain as an industrial nation. Mr. Chamberlain paid a warm tribute to Mr. Balfour, whose Government, he said, he and his friends will keep in office as long as possible.—*Public Opinion*, London.



GATHERING FERNS, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

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